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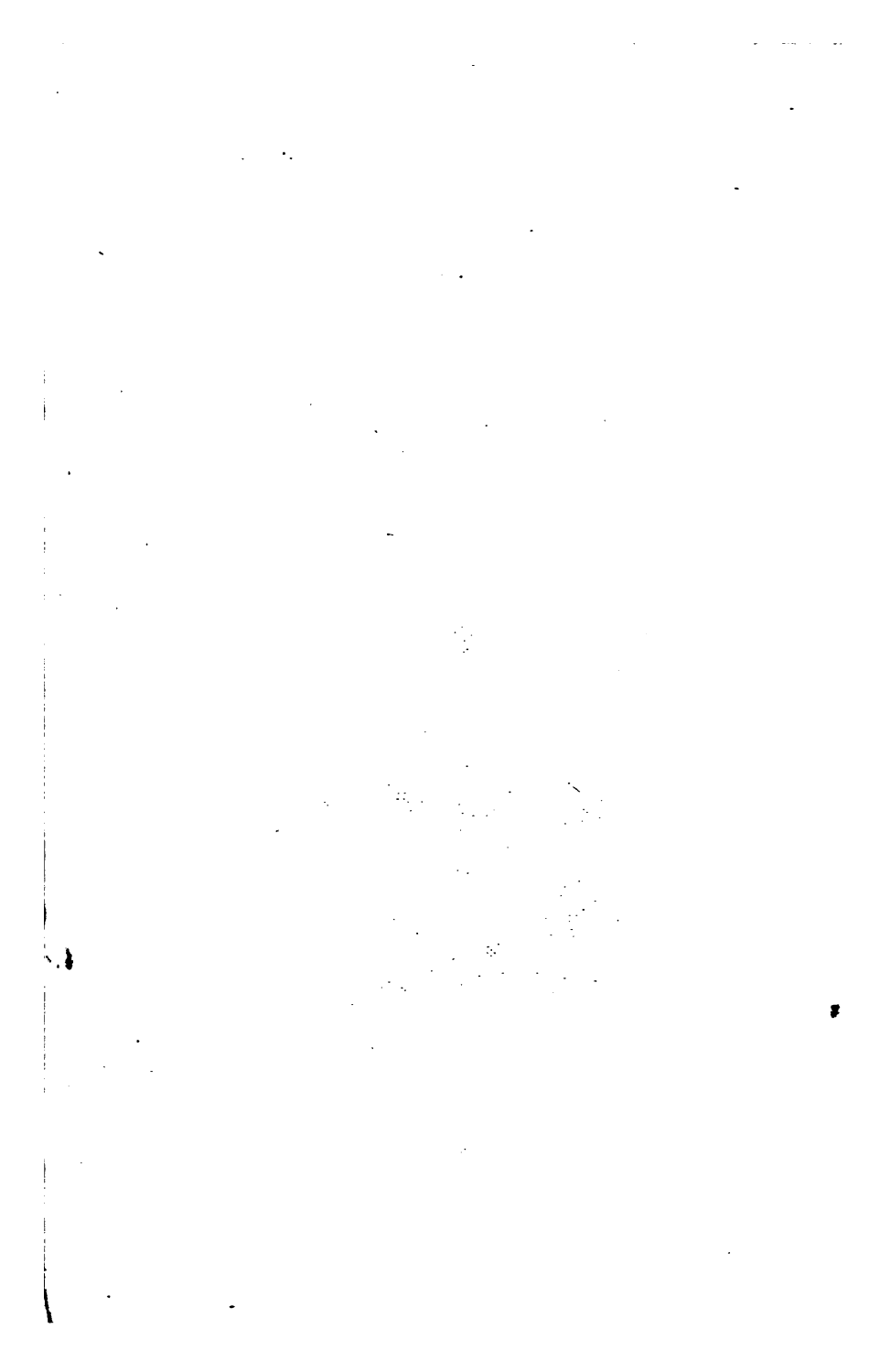
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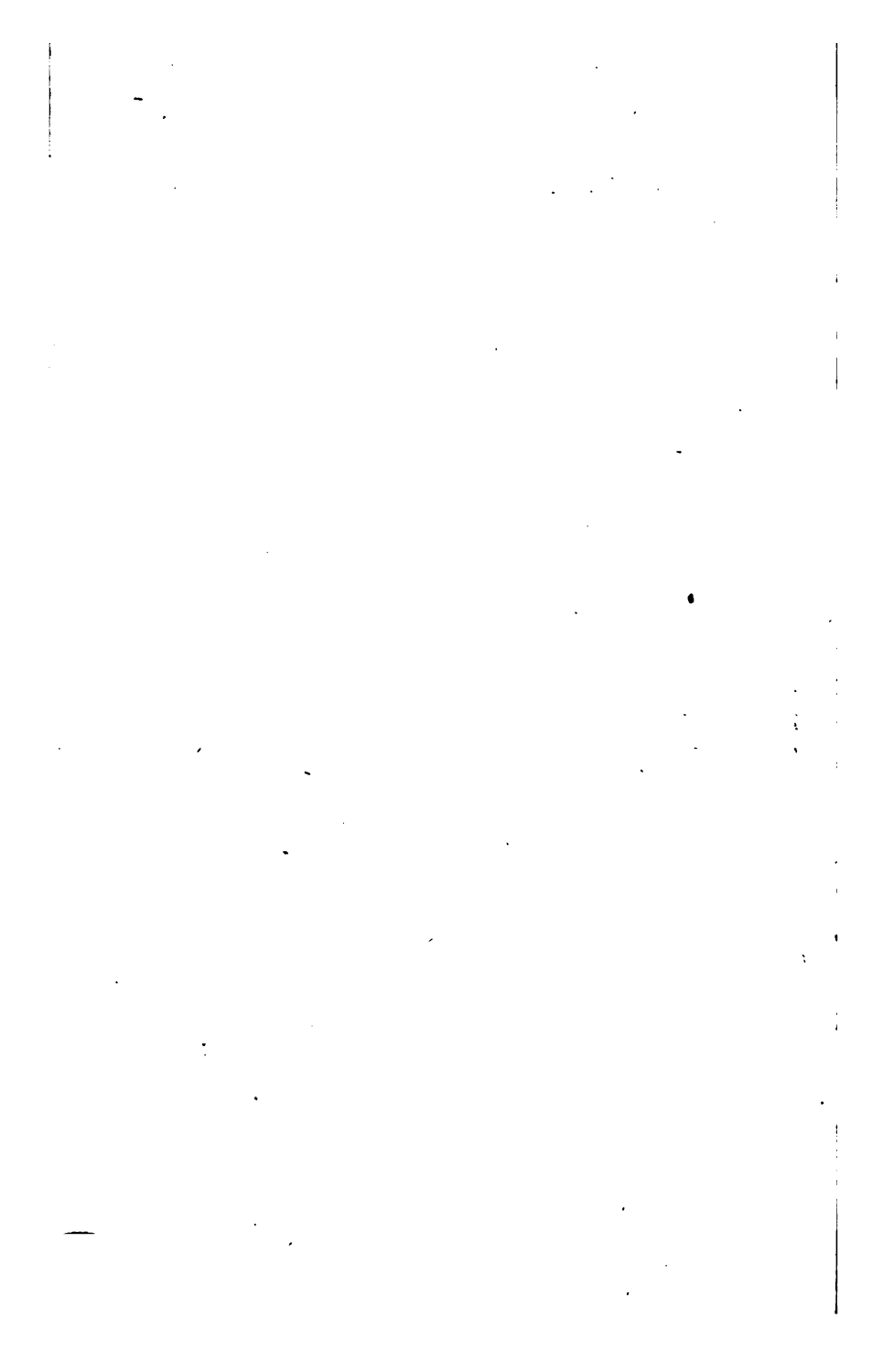
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# THE BACHELORS,

## AND OTHER TALES,

FOUNDED ON

### AMERICAN INCIDENTS AND CHARACTER.

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BY SAMUEL L. KNAPP.

---

"There's some peculiar in each leaf and grain—  
Some unmark'd fibre, or some varying vein.  
Shall only man be taken in the gross?  
Grant but as many sorts of mind as moss,  
That each from others differs, first confess;  
Next, that he varies from himself no less:  
Add nature's, custom's, reason's, passion's strife,  
And all opinion's colours cast on life."

"How? turn again to tales long since forgot?  
Æsop—and Phædrus—and the rest? Why not?—*Cooper.*

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70 1836  
AMERICAN

Entered,  
ACCORDING TO ACT OF CONGRESS, IN THE YEAR 1836, BY  
SAMUEL L. KNAPP,  
IN THE CLERK'S OFFICE OF THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE SOUTHERN DISTRICT OF  
NEW-YORK.

TO

GEORGE C. SHATTUCK, M.D.,

PRESIDENT OF THE MASSACHUSETTS MEDICAL SOCIETY.

---

DEAR SIR—

*I have taken the liberty to dedicate this small volume to you, as a slight token of my grateful recollections of the many instances of friendship and professional skill I have to acknowledge as flowing from your kindness; and in addition to these, I am indebted to you for many deep and clear readings of the motives and actions of men, communicated in the course of our acquaintance.*

*These Tales are founded on incidents gathered in the common pathway of life, and intended to exhibit some of the lights and shades as we see them daily.*

#### DEDICATION.

*The profession you have chosen, and so honorably pursued to distinction, has been favorable for the study of human nature ; but it seldom happens, in this busy age, among this mercurial people, that one who has happily caught the lineaments of the physiognomy of the minds about him, can command the requisite time to portray them. I ask you to cast your eyes upon these sketches, in some breathing interval between professional labors—for leisure you have none—and see if they have in them any features of nature, or faithfulness to the relations of society.*

*With ardent wishes for your health and happiness, I am*

*Your Obligated Friend, and Hum. Ser.,*

SAMUEL L. KNAPP.

## PREFACE.

---

WHEN the far-famed Talleyrand, now Prince Benevento, was travelling in the United States during the French Revolution, his conversation was considered a philosophical treat by the wise men of our nation. On the affairs of his own country, he conversed like a seer who looked far a-head ; but his remarks often excited a smile, when discussing the prospects and character of America. "The United States," said he, "can never be a naval power ; for there is not oak timber enough in the country to make two ships of the line." Another of his profound remarks was—"You can never be instructed by poetry or fiction of your own ; for by your laws all men are put upon an equality, and to form differences of character, there must be many acknowledged grades in society." Timber has, however, been found sufficient for a more extended purpose ; and poetry and fiction have commenced a course, that has proved the futility of the wise man's remarks. He thought we had no romance in our history : he had never read Hubbard's or Penhollow's Indian Wars. I have stated this, to show that no man can judge of

the character of a people, without being well acquainted with their history, however shrewd he might be on general subjects. The foreigner says that there can be but little difference in persons similarly situated—that for strong features of character, you must go to nations who have hereditary distinctions—nations agitated by avarice, ambition, and thirst of blood—rising, and falling, or dashing against each other with every wave of fortune. It must be confessed, that in such a people you can find more readily incidents to illustrate the character you attempt to exhibit, than in a quiet community. It is not in the difference of pursuits, but in the elements of character, that contrasts and peculiarities are seen. The Apostles, who followed one Master in the same great cause, exhibited the greatest variety of disposition and temper.

It may seem tame to those heated by fictions of other lands, in which the worst of crimes are set in the strongest lights—where murders by dagger and bowl are found in every legend—to trace the lines of nature and truth among a moral, quiet, and industrious people; but he who examines human nature closely, will find that there is a greater variety in the latter than in the former state of society. Courtiers are all of one class; the avaricious and ambitious are governed by a few strong impulses; and all know, that whatever may be the component parts of a mob, its spirit is violent and vindictive; but when every one is under the guidance of his own reason, infinite varieties of thought and action shoot out for examination.

A healthy appetite in literary matters is taking place of a literary dyspepsia, which has deranged us for a long time. Such novels as Lewis's *Monk* now give place to the *Vicar of Wakefield*, and the day of simplicity is dawning. I could have found subjects of greater interest in the history of my country; but I have left those for others to expatiate upon, and seized these found in the common pathway of life.

Our primitive fathers are subjects not yet exhausted, or in fact hardly touched upon. The red men, strange as it may seem, have taken precedence of them : but no matter ; the habits—the feelings—the moral and religious character of our forefathers will, in the end, yield to no other topic.

If we look carefully into what is called a heroic age, we shall find that the deeds of the sword are transient, unless embalmed by the pen. The record that a light was kindled, lives longer than the light itself. No one man can do much for a nation's fame ; that must be built up as the monument to Kosciusko's memory in Poland, where, to accomplish the great object of creating a pyramid, every citizen threw a stone on the pile. He who describes his own country must depend on his own countrymen for a favorable reception of his works, for foreigners in general cannot fairly judge of their merits. If we have the same language as is spoken in England, our manners and habits are essentially our own, and have grown out of the peculiarities of our situation. Englishmen have written clear histories of us, but they cannot seize the traits of individual character. We see imitations of Buckskin and Yankee characters, and your Nimrod Wildfires of the West : but a shrewd observer will at once see that they are not true to nature, but caricatures of those they intend to represent. If these imitations were closely examined, the ignorance of the writers would be as easily detected as that of an English sailor impressed to serve in the West India squadron, who insisted that he was an American born citizen, and fixed the place of his birth at Marble-head—a town famed for being the cradle of ocean-heroes. He was thought to be an American citizen by his examiners, until Admiral Sir Isaac Coffin called him up. "Well, my lad, if you were born in Marble-head," said he, "you can tell me of what materials the steps of the bishop's palace are composed." "Why, of marble," was the reply !

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## THE BACHELORS.

"One impulse of a vernal wood  
May teach you more of man—  
Of moral evil, and of good—  
Than all the sages can."

THE knowledge of human nature cannot be acquired by simply surveying the mass of mankind. We must study the characters of individuals, and draw our general inferences from a careful examination of the whole details. By such a process we shall find that the laws of nature and the commands of heaven are in harmony, and cannot be opposed with impunity. The heart that is cased in flint to the common observer, often beats with an irregular motion, and has its aches, that are ill-concealed under the mask of indifference.

JOHN THOMPSON, HENRY GILBERT, and MONTJOY TILSTON RUSSELL, were nearly of the same age—born in the same city—educated in the elementary branches of knowledge in the same school—and graduated from college in the same class. They were bright boys—emulous of distinction—and held, if not an equal rank with each other, surely a high one in their class. In the course of obtaining their education, they were constantly associated together, and a strong friendship grew up between them, which they fondly believed that nothing but death could destroy. They agreed to settle in their native city. Thompson studied the law—Gilbert, physic—and Russell entered the counting-

room of his father, and prepared himself to become a merchant—one acquainted with the history and geography of nations, with the nature and amount of their products and commerce. After a few years, he became a partner in the house of which his father was the head, and was considered as an active, intelligent young merchant. The lawyer and doctor began business under good auspices, particularly the former. He was well read, sagacious, and full of confidence. He studied his causes well, and was in general very successful—for he would not condescend to be a tool against his judgment for any one. The doctor was learned in his profession, and refined in his manners. He would not use a harsh word to the humblest patient, nor flatter the most exalted. If he did not advance so rapidly as many dashing young men have done, still it may be said, that what he gained, he never lost. His delicacy was only surpassed by his firmness—and that never had a particle of asperity in it.

These young gentlemen had made it a rule with themselves to meet once a week, to enjoy a banquet of conversation; and to which feast, like Scarron's, each guest brought his own dish. This habit was kept up for several years with great constancy, and to their mutual advantage. Sometimes a few friends were admitted to join this trio—and this was considered a great favor.

At a time between the embargo of 1807 and the war of 1812, the prices of merchandize underwent many fluctuations, in the successive shocks given to commerce by the numerous acts of national legislation. At a time when new changes were anticipated, the young merchant was not at his weekly supper as usual. The other two went out to find him. He was still at his desk, but engaged to be with them in the course of an hour or two. When he arrived he told them that he anticipated that great changes were

about to take place in the prices-current, and that he had prevailed upon a young man who had just come into possession of a great estate, to venture an hundred thousand dollars to be used by him at half profits. He dwelt so long on the subject, and gave such satisfactory reasons for his belief of great gains, that his friends were convinced that he had a splendid prospect before him ; and after some further preliminary remarks, the professional gentlemen prepared to put something into the speculation. This, Russell agreed to take, upon conditions that they should receive all the profits—saying, that if he was successful, he should make enough out of what he now had of his own and of others, and that he would not trade for his own benefit on the money of his friends. The lawyer and doctor, by pledging their bank stock and mortgaging some paternal real estate, raised fifteen thousand dollars each. This was done forthwith, and the money was put into the hands of their friend the merchant. Some weeks elapsed before the waters began to move. The first purchase made by Russell was of all the spices, drugs, and coffee he could find at fair prices. The next, was to enter into contracts, which were made binding, for an immense quantity of distilled spirits, at numerous distilleries. This being done, he repaired to the city of New York, to watch the operation of the great speculators in Wall street. This was managed so adroitly, that his views were not suspected until he was well acquainted with the signs of the flood from the first rise until it would return to its neap. He then left that city for his own. All his transactions were carried on without bustle, and succeeded to his wishes.

At a supper on one of their usual nights of meeting, Russell assured his friends that each of them were now worth an hundred thousand dollars in addition to their former

fortunes; and that he had been equally successful himself, but that he should now discontinue his exertions—believing that speculation had reached its height. The professional men were delighted with the news, and earnestly desired their mercantile friend to cease his operations;—they did not wish for more. Elated with success, they pushed round the bottle, until they were all a little flushed with wine and the thoughts of their prosperity. At this crisis, one of them proposed that they should adopt a plan of life that would insure them the title of “THE IMMORTAL THREE.” “Name it!—name it!” were heard from the other two. “Then,” said he, “let us make up our minds to live bachelors until we go to our graves.” “Agreed!—agreed!” was the response—and, before the clock struck twelve that night, they had signed a paper, (of which each took a copy,) that he should forfeit the pledge of honor which held them together, whoever might enter the bonds of matrimony, or suffer any woman to call him *husband*. They then talked over the course of life they intended to pursue. “I,” said the lawyer, “will forthwith close my professional business, or, at least, as soon as possible—buy me a farm, and become an agriculturist, a horticulturist—and my chief delight shall be in a garden. In viewing nature and her delightful products I will spend my days; and repose, when I choose, on a bed of flowers.”—“I,” said the doctor, “will never again administer a tincture, or a pill, or grasp the amputating knife. I will retire from corporal and mental miseries, and confine myself to philosophical research. The microscope, the developements of chemistry, and the pure mathematics, shall delight me by day, and the still greater wonders of the telescope by night.”—The merchant pondered for awhile, but at last shaped his course. “My fame shall be that of a traveller,” said he; “I will emulate Mandeville,

surpass Bruce, and rival Ledyard. I will hunt the chamois on the Alps—shoot the condor on the Andes—and drink at the sources of the Mississippi and the Nile. I will engrave my name on the top of the highest Pyramid—and bring up a gem from the deepest cavern in the mines of Golconda.”

The genius of revelry was the ascendant of this midnight hour; and when the morning sun arose, each was ready to shed tears at his rash pledge—but neither would be foremost in acknowledging his folly and recanting his error. The lawyer was the first to set about performing his part. He bought a large, fine farm, well wooded and watered, of an excellent soil—and commenced his labors. He laid out his grounds on the most approved methods—and, by dams, sluices, &c. prepared to irrigate a greater portion of his fields. He collected a rare stock of cattle, and kept them under the full force of feed. His farm soon became a pattern one—and all in the neighborhood were his imitators, as far as they could be. His poultry-yard swarmed with every species of domestic fowl that ever made a supper for Lúcellus, or was ever eaten with curry at the feast of an Asiatic satrap. Every day in the year he could command from his own premises all the luxuries of life—in which he took more pleasure in seeing than in devouring. He supplied the sick with an hundred little dainties from his field or larder, and his wine was a cordial ready to flow when the village physician prescribed it for any of his poor patients. His fields were the object of admiration—but it was on his garden that he spent the most of his time, and where he exercised his highest faculties. The copious stream which ran through his grounds was made to pass in three channels—being separated before they entered the walls of the garden. Trees were planted on the banks of each current, excepting in the proper places for bridges and openings.

The grounds were wavy by nature, which offered great capacities for picturesque landscapes. The fruit-trees were numerous of every kind that the climate would bear. His green-house and conservatory were large, and filled with plants and flowers from every clime. In a beautiful clump of trees he erected a temple for a study, and there read the classics and all the modern works of taste and talent. It was indeed a treat to be invited to spend a few days at his hospitable mansion. His library was extensive, and contained many curious works on all subjects, and which far exceeded any other private library in the country, in works on agriculture, gardening, and on all these kindred subjects. He had classed them and arranged them himself, and made an index to these works with his own hand—which gave great facilities in readily finding whatever was wanted by the cultivator. In his winter's leisure he amused himself in collecting facts to show the progress of agriculture in every part of the globe, in every age of the history of man, and which went far to prove that the food for the population of the world grew more abundant as the human race increased. The easterly side of his farm was bounded on a lake of large dimensions, filled with a great variety of excellent fish. His friends always found the finest table at his house that the country could afford. Here was happiness one would think sufficient for any mortal.

Gilbert purchased himself a farm on a small scale—just large enough to raise a subsistence for himself and household. He erected an observatory, furnished himself with costly astronomical instruments, and in the lower part of his tower he provided rooms for philosophical experiments, and spent more hours in his laboratory than in his observatory. He turned from experiments to abstract sciences; and, at the same time, he kept a meteorological table, and

measured the fall of rain and snow with accuracy ; and once a quarter gave a paper to the Philosophical Society, on some scientific subject—being the result of ingenious experiments and sound reflections.

He made a curious almanack each year, and presented it to a shoemaker in the neighborhood who had to support fifteen children. This son of Crispin rode into fame by his learned neighbor's science, and had numerous letters addressed to him from distant places—all of which Gilbert regularly answered, until Melchisedek Buswell became renowned in every quarter of the globe, as one of the first mathematicians and astronomers of the day—when, perhaps, the utmost extent of Buswell's knowledge was no more than to work out that tremendous question, "How many barley-corns does it take to reach round the world?"

He often visited his friend Thompson, and heard him talk of grain, cattle, trees, shrubs, and flowers, and probably partook, in some slight degree, of his friend's delight—but, after all, could not help thinking how undignified was Thompson's pursuits compared with his own. What pleasure could a wheat-field give, compared with some new discovery in the heavens?

The two friends often heard from Montjoy, who was careful to send them every rare book on mathematics, astronomy, agriculture, or botany ; and also, every rare plant and every new mathematical instrument. They were in the habit of corresponding most frequently with each other, which made no small item in their duties and their happiness.

Gilbert offered to instruct young men who were going to sea, in the lunar and sidereal calculations, without fee or reward—only stipulating, that when they became master-mariners, they should pay to the Female Orphan Asylum the usual fee for a common course of instruction in navigation.

This was readily complied with. If he was not happy to the extent of the measure of the lot of some mortals, he was free from anxiety and ambition. Now-and-then a writer would attack some of his favorite theories ; and this would give him some pain, notwithstanding all that he wrote was under feigned names. At times he grew weary of his pursuits, and would turn to works of taste for relief. These would engage him for a few days only ; and even during that time he would forget the beauty of a figure of rhetoric, to pursue some problem which had started up in his mind as he was dwelling on Shakspeare or Milton. He contrived to keep up with the news of the day, but took no part in politics—for he found that political excitement was the bane of science and an enemy to letters. He had his political views, and gave his vote, but never attempted to influence the minds of others, or to seek for public honors for himself. He associated with but few, and was familiar with no one but his friend Thompson—yet he was kind to all. The professional men of the village usually dined with him once a week. He paid his physician as the Chinese do, by the year—deducting all the term of his sickness, if he should chance to be unwell. With but few singularities, he moved onward with the current of time—devoting six hours each day to his mathematical and astronomical studies. The good people considered him as rather belonging to the stars than to earth ; but as he paid his taxes cheerfully, and injured no one, they thought him no bad citizen.

Montjoy Tileston Russell, after visiting most of the great cities in Europe, turned his attention to Asia and Africa. He sailed for the Cape of Good Hope, and spent some months in examining that country with more attention than any American traveller had done before his time. From thence, he made a voyage to Bengal, and visited a large



portion of that immense country. He took passage in an English vessel bound to Bombay. In this place, he became acquainted with the Recorder, Sir James Mackintosh, one of the most accomplished men of his time : with him, he passed several hours every day. He had bills of exchange on John Long, Esq., a merchant of extensive business in Bombay, and became intimately acquainted with his family. Mr. Long was an Englishman, who had resided many years in Spain, and had married a Spanish lady of great beauty and talents. They had been blessed with several children : the sons were in the king's service—an only daughter was still unmarried, and lived at home, having just left school in England. She united the Spanish dignity with the English complexion, and was in every respect a fine woman. She spoke the English, Spanish, French, and Italian languages, with purity and ease. She became quite interested in the recital of Russell's travels in various parts of the world, but could not help intimating that such a life of peril could not be a happy one ; and expressed a fear for his safety, when he told her that in a few weeks he was to sail for Mocha, and from thence he was going to explore the coast of the Red Sea, taking the track of the Israelites through the wilderness to Judea, and then winter in Grand Cairo. Finding an American ship in the port, he collected all the rare plants he could find, and sent them to his friend Thompson, with a sketch of his travels. In making up his packages of flowers and seeds, he was assisted by Cynthia Long, who had become quite enamored with the study of botany. He hastened his departure, for he felt himself getting deeply in love with his fair friend, and seemed to flatter himself that there might be some reciprocity between them : but then, his pledge of honor to live a bachelor came across his mind, and he grew

sick at the thoughts of it. "What evil genius," he would often say to himself, "came over me at that fatal hour? Would to God, that we had all been made bankrupts by our speculations, which we considered so fortunate at the time, and then we should have never found ourselves miserable by this foolish pledge!" With these feelings, he tore himself away from his friends, and sailed for Mocha, hardly caring for his fate. He reached his port of destination, without any remarkable occurrence. From Mocha, he started with a caravan to the interior of the country. For some time, he went on as well as one could expect in such company, partly uncertain of his course, and more uncertain of his treatment. When they stopped, he was in misery from the want of tents, and from want of proper food; and where to rest his head, he did not often know. But this he could bear, thinking that at some time his journey would end, and he should be happy in thinking that he had done bravely. At length, one afternoon, when they had encamped near a spring of water, and were enjoying themselves with the prospect of pursuing their journey as soon as the moon arose—this was just before midnight—the camels were laden, and the whole ready to depart, when some one of the horses became restive, and would not touch his provender, keeping his head close to the ground, as if hearing something afar off. The leaders hastened his orders to depart. All were mounted, and had proceeded about a mile, when a band of enemies on horses and dromedaries dashed in upon them, making a desperate charge. The Arabs were brave, and fought as long as they could. Russell, thinking it was for life and liberty, made a most desperate fight; but all was in vain. The assailants were numerous, and their conquest was easy. Two of the caravan escaped: the rest were killed, wounded, or taken pris-

oners. Russell fell under the sabres of his foes, with many wounds; but none of them were mortal. He had several cuts in the breast and arms, and was exhausted from loss of blood,

As soon as the fight was over, the assailants, knowing the importance of their prisoner, bound up his wounds with bruised poppies, and gave him barley-water to raise his exhausted spirits. They laid him in their tents, on the skin of a camel, and treated him with great attention from mere mercenary motives. This first night was an awful one to him: he saw the stars performing their destined courses, while the moon was riding in majesty over his head. The silence was distressing. No sound broke the stillness of the night: the long, sighing breaths of the camel and dromedary alone were heard; for the Arabs were all in profound repose. One constellation sunk after another, until the morning sun arose. He was unable to drag one limb after another—but they must go on. They tied him to a bed on the back of a camel, and pushed onwards, fearing to remain in the same situation, apprehending a vigorous pursuit. This situation was not so distressing as he expected, for their progress was slower than common, and their regard for his comfort greater than he anticipated. His reflections were, however, any thing but pleasant. Talking to himself, he said, “Why should I have left my native land, where fame and even pleasure awaited me, to roam in this barbarous country, to satisfy my curiosity, without doing much good to my fellow-men? Why should I have left the charms of civil and social life, to wander among savage men? I could have slept in quiet in my own bed, in the land of my nativity, and have received every attention that wealth and respect could have commanded, and now I am a slave—a wounded man; and

wealthy Arab's tent, and took no notice of his slave. After some inquiries, he stated to the chief that great concern had been felt at Mocha for a traveller who had joined a caravan to search for medicinal herbs in that region; and suggested that a liberal sum would be given for his ransom, if he could be found. The avaricious feelings of the chief were excited; and believing that his slave was the traveller, seemed to listen to the suggestions of the mendicant: which ended at length in a determination to go with his slave to a place near Mocha, to see if the ransom could be obtained. They were soon on their way. Hassan had declared on his word, as a Mussulman, that he had heard a merchant of distinction—Tariff Ben Hafiz—offer a thousand dollars for the ransom of the traveller, and he thought he would give more. Within a short distance from the city, they stopped, and Hassan repaired at once to Mocha. In a few days, Hafiz appeared—a merchant, whose garb bespoke him a man of consequence. The money—fifteen hundred dollars—was paid, and a bill of sale was given. “Go, traveller,” said Hafiz, “and enjoy yourself among the daughters of your land, and make no farther attempt to explore these dangerous paths. Curiosity is a vice, when it is attended by too much danger. Go, cultivate your maize—extend your commerce; but leave the desert for those who were born near it, and must cross it.” “I am willing and able to repay you my ransom,” said Russell. “I know it,” said Hafiz. Meet me at Bombay: I will there take my right, and only that. An Arab may be a robber, but never a usurer. There, sir, I shall exact the last sequin I shall pay. This, however, you must add to your ransom—these sequins—that you may go to Bombay as a gentleman. On my pledge, I will be there as soon as you are, and demand my advance:” and waving his hand with Oriental grace and dignity, bade the traveller adieu.

A vessel soon sailed from Mocha to Bombay, on board of which a humble Arab occupied a place in the steerage, and on the voyage fell dangerously sick. He was an old man. Russell became acquainted with his case; for there are none so ready to become acquainted with the miseries of others, as those who have suffered themselves. Russell attended the old man's couch with every medicine considered proper in his case; and when it was allowed him to recruit by delicate food, Russell brought it to him at the proper hours. It was received with great gratitude; but at the same time, in a manner that seemed to say that I have done this thing to others. The attachment between the patient and the nurse seemed to grow daily; and Russell made the old Arab promise him that he would call on him when they arrived at Bombay, and renew their intercourse. The sick man was at home at Bombay; and mentioned not only Sir James Mackintosh, but also Mr. Consul Long and his daughter Cynthia, among his friends. "Then," said Russell, "you are my friend—I am his friend." "And they are more your friends," said Hassan, "than you will ever know." The manner in which this was said was so peculiar, Russell noticed it, but could not precisely comprehend what was meant by the expression, the Asiatics are so full of enigma. Once or twice, the old Arab spoke of Cynthia Long, in a manner that stumbled Russell. "Can this old fellow," said he, mentally, "have a passion for this young lady?"

On the arrival of the vessel at Bombay, Russell was received by all his friends as one raised from the dead. He stated the whole history of the adventure, and all agreed that it was *passing strange*. Every day he became more and more interested in Cynthia, and thought less of his idle pledge. To ease his own mind on the subject, he consulted

the rector of the ~~Episcopal church on a supposed~~ case of conscience, stating his own exactly. The rector laughed at him, to think a man of sense could have any scruples on such a question. The vow, when made to the Lord, was not even required to be paid, if any thing injurious to another might flow from the fulfilment of it. The pledge of honor, even among men of the world, was not binding in a court of honor, unless it would enhance another's happiness, or shed some new rays of glory on one's country or his own fame. Sir James being present, placed the subject on the right grounds, as he did every thing; and Russell made up his mind to make proposals to Cynthia, having a belief that he could obtain the consent of her parents. He waited now only for the appearance of the Arabian merchant, whose visit he so much desired: for he was not apprized of the sum paid for his ransom; but thought that it must have been great, as his owner held him at a high price, in comparison with others their prisoners, to slave-traders who had made offers for him. No Tariff Ben Hafiz came. Russell requested Mr. Long to take from the fund in his hands twice the sum he had ever known paid for the ransom of any captive, and sequester it for the payment to the merchant when he might arrive. In a few days an opportunity occurred for Russell to offer himself. In wandering about the botanical garden, then under the supervision of Sir James, Russell took up a violet of the tricolor purple kind, and gave it to Cynthia. They had been talking of the Oriental language of flowers. She placed it on her bosom. He said no more. On their return, he made his wishes known to the parents of Cynthia, and presented them with further credentials than he had before exhibited, and found that his suit was prosperous. He now prepared to be married by the consent of all par-

ties, and to return to his native country, having made a free and candid statement of his whole course of life.

Mr. Long, having determined to give his daughter a splendid set of diamonds on her marriage, repaired to Samuel the Israelite, who was the first jeweller of Bombay, for a set of diamonds. He was told by Samuel that he had a set that he could furnish at a low price, as he had received them as a pledge for a certain sum of money from a young lady of the city, who had come to him in disguise. They were pledged for two thousand dollars. Mr. Long was astonished to see that these gems bore his own daughter's initials. He said, "I will take them to my house, Samuel, and see if they will suit." He entered the house with a slow and measured step; and opening the casket in a significant manner, enquired how these jewels suited. Cynthia raised herself with more than ordinary majesty, and said, "Father, they are the only jewels I ever wish to accept. They were once mine: I pawned them to redeem a friend from slavery and death—that friend is before you." The Anglo-Iberian maid quailed not before her father's stern look. "I sent Hassan on the errand of enquiry. He also was the Arab merchant who purchased Mr. Russell, and my jewels were the means to save my friend from captivity. Condemn me who will. It was Hassan who ordered him to come to Bombay—I gave no such orders. I supposed that he would have taken some other course, and that I never should have seen him again." Russell rushed forward, and took her in his arms, and exclaimed, "My guardian angel! nothing but the decrees of heaven shall part us hereafter." The father and mother were in ecstasy. The story took wing; and old Hassan was, at once, put into a noble *café*, and amply paid for his services. Mr. Long gave his daughter to his American friend, and Sir James

was the friend of the bridegroom ; and the casuistic parson joined Montjoy Tileston Russell, the American traveller, to Cynthia Long, the Anglo-Iberian maid, who had, in the generosity of her nature, saved her friend from captivity. The whole city rejoiced at the event ; and as the happy pair returned from church, the populace strewed flowers in their pathway. In a few weeks, a ship was bought, and Russell and his lady were ready to depart for America. The ship had a full cargo of goods. Mr. Long gave a supper to his friends, and Sir James was there, in the full glow of his intellectual powers, and old Hassan was invited to the feast. It was one of mind and feeling. Sir James was full of playfulness, and had many allusions to the union of the two countries. He gave many splendid anticipations of future events ; and said, the mother and the daughter were one day to be the arbiters of the world. Old Hassan whispered in Cynthia's ear, that he wished to leave Asia for America ; and Russell declared that nothing would give him more pleasure, than to take the old man out with him. The voyage was soon got up, and all was in readiness. The parting was painful : but a woman goes with one she loves to any clime or country, with a blindness that proves her love. This has been, is, and for ever will be the law of nature. All Bombay were on the shore, when Russell and his spouse departed. The clergyman waved his hands and blessed them, as he saw them depart. All said, "God bless the new-married couple !" The voyage was a pleasant one, and they reached the shores of the United States without any disaster. Russell was known to be one of the three bachelors, and every one was waiting to witness the effect on the other two. They, too, heard the story, and were silent. Not a word escaped their lips. Thompson and Gilbert, perhaps, had some conversation among themselves ;



but whatever it might have been, it never reached the world. They still persevered in their course, without any observations on the direliction of their friend. Russell felt an awkwardness in his situation, as it regarded his friends, but made no explanations.

Thompson still was delighted with his employment as an agriculturist, but more particularly as a gardener of Flora. His garden, conservatory, and green house, attracted the attention not only of his neighbors, but also of every traveller. Those who came with a line from a friend, were invited to partake of refreshments in his hospitable mansion, and all had an opportunity of visiting his grounds. He was in advance of all the florists in the country. He had a larger collection of roses than any other person, and a greater variety of exotics of every kind. But the flower he loved the most was the tricolored violet, called *heart's ease*, *forget-me-not*, and sometimes a *pansey*. This little flower throughout Europe and Asia, for countless ages, has been an emblem of affection.

Gilbert still pursued his course of study—furnishing the periodicals with articles on astronomy, for his amusement; but he sometimes felt that man was born to live on the earth, and rest securely while connected with his fellow-man. Often he was found to acknowledge that he was fatigued when he returned from his flights through the heavens, and he was obliged to rest himself by indulging in the reveries of fancy. One of his favorite amusements was to people the planets with beings of his own creation. He wrote a poem which he called "*Urania*," describing the inhabitants of his beloved Venus—with their beautiful change of seasons, their refined manners and high poetical character, their freedom from political feuds, and the perpetual sunshine of the soul which reigned among them. He dwelt on this subject until

he loved to watch that lovely star that shines brightest in the heavens, whether she belonged to the evening shades or to the morning's dawn. He dwelt upon the heavens, until, like our first parents in the bower of Eden, he communed with celestial spirits—and, although no Eve was with him, could say to these creatures of his imagination,—

———“How often, from the steep  
Of echoing hill or thicket, have we heard  
Celestial voice to the midnight air;  
Sole, or responsive each to other note,  
Singing the Great Creator! Oft in bands,  
While they keep watch, or nightly rounding walk,  
With heavenly touch of instrumental sounds,  
In full harmonious number join'd, their songs  
Divide the night, and lift our thoughts to heaven.”

He carried his devotion to his loved star, and to the whole host of the skies, so far, that some began to think him so much under the influence of the moon or stars, that he was not competent to take care of himself. Among them was an only nephew—a profligate young man, who had squandered his own property, and was now waiting for his uncle's. In an evil hour he petitioned the Judge of Probate to appoint him guardian to his uncle. The Judge knew the astronomer, and indignantly refused to consider the application. The young man's prospects were ruined for ever. This eagerness to inherit, is often the cause of never inheriting. This act of his nephew so severely wounded Gilbert's pride, that he could not contain himself within any bounds of prudence, and his rage at the insult was almost sufficient to induce those unacquainted with him, to suppose there was some aberration of mind in his conduct. The ingratitude of his nephew stung him to the heart, and he began to think that the pursuits of science were vain, if they led to such disasters. He communed with Thompson on his mortification, who gave him good counsel, and recommended him

to pursue for some time the general wanderings of literature in his delightful garden. This offer was accepted—and, for several of the summer months, he took up his abode with his friend.

Russell was happy in his family, and for awhile successful in his business; but, after several years, finding his property in some measure reduced, by losses at sea, he closed his business, and retired into the country, some eight or ten miles from his former friends; but, as they seldom visited their neighbors, he did not see them—until the time we have mentioned of their being together after the wound had been given to the feelings of Gilbert by his nephew—and then the meeting was accidental. Riding around the country with his whole family in a large carry-all, the driver took such roads as he thought would give them the best view of the country. Thompson's garden was to be seen from the street—and the children cried out to the driver to stop, and let them see *Paradise*. This compliment was heard by the owner of the premises—and he raised his head from the flowers he was examining, and saw Russell and his family, and noticed the impatience of the children to walk in the garden—and, stepping up to the wall, invited the children to come in; and, opening the gate himself, came up to the carriage and offered Mrs. Russell his hand, to conduct her to the garden. She did not know the gentleman. As he entered the enclosure, he with great embarrassment stammered out—"Russell, will you not do me the honor of looking at these flowers with your children?" He descended from the carriage, and entered the garden. Thompson gazed on him a moment, and then rushed into Russell's embrace. They forgave each other; no explanations were necessary. The wife, from what she had heard from her husband when they were married, instantly understood the

whole matter—and hastened to find her strolling children. Gilbert had seen the interview from the summer-house, and flew out to meet them. He read all at a glance, and declared that it was the happiest moment of his life. As soon as the three friends were a little more composed, they went in search of Madam Russell.

Thompson and Gilbert were introduced to the wife of their friend—an elegant and accomplished woman. She received them as old friends, and in ten minutes the children were climbing up to get into the arms of their new friends. They were invited to stay and dine—which invitation was accepted—and a happy time they had of it. The two bachelors were delighted to find the second and third sons were named for them—the first being called after the maternal grandfather.

They lived for several years in almost daily intercourse. The bachelors came to dine with Russell, and they became more attached to each other than they had ever been in their youthful days. Calling to mind who it was that had made their fortunes, they secured the inheritance of a good portion of their estates to Russell's children—who, in every respect, deserved their good fortune. On the marriage of Russell's eldest daughter, her grandfather (Mr. Long) and his wife, who had several years before returned to England, were present, having come to this country to see their children and grandchildren. The bachelors were present, and enjoyed the scene, perhaps, more than either the parents or grandparents. Sitting at the supper-table after the others had retired, Thompson gave the substance of this narrative to the writer of this tale—closing it with this emphatic remark—“*That no man was ever happy, even in Paradise, or in the loftiest flights of the imagination, or in the depths of science, who neglected to follow the laws of nature and the commands of God.*”

## THE INTEMPERATE.

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"I have lived much in the world, and for it: but I have done nothing for myself. When I am gone, tell my story, in truth and candor, with no other disguise, than to save the feelings of a few of my kindred and friends. Plant a beacon-light on my grave, that others of the gay world may shun the rock on which I have split."

*From the directions of the Subject of this Tale to the Author.*

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How many of the human race, and particularly of our own countrymen, there have been, who were rocked in their infancy in the iron cradle, by the rude blasts of misfortune, and who have grown hardy by the early storms of life—and who, too, have won an enviable fame, stood exalted on the lists of the mighty in intellect, and among the prosperous in accumulating wealth! But there is another side to the picture. Some, whose swaddling-bands were fine linen, and whose cradle turned on golden hinges—on whose infant heads shone the sun of prosperity, have expired in the abodes of misery, on a pallet of straw. Others have lost their reputation, if they saved themselves from want; and when they might have "*rode the waves of glory*," have sunk into dishonorable graves. The most melancholy instance within my memory is here recorded.

THOMAS CHARLES HAMPTON was born on the 28th of June, 1777—the day on which the battle of Monmouth was fought. His parents were opulent and pious. He was a fine-formed infant, and grew rapidly, with a healthy consti-

tution. His fond and intelligent mother took great pains to develop his infant faculties. She taught him to read, while other children of the same age could not name the letters of the alphabet. From the nursery, he passed to the school-room, much younger than other boys. At seven years of age, he commenced the study of the Latin language, and made wonderful progress. He was, in temper, as extraordinary as in person. His hair curled in golden ringlets over his forehead, and they were the admiration of all beholders.

At an examination of the school, when he was quite a child, an aged divine called him, after hearing his recitations, an *infant Adonis*; to which the child replied, "I hope it will not be my fate to be killed by a wild boar." This quick and classical observation still more astonished his examiner. He was the best-natured boy in the school. The boys who were not so forward as himself, knew where to go for assistance in the classics: his own lesson was soon treasured up, and then he was ready to assist all who required his aid. Hampton never missed a recitation, and seldom came to his task without being master of it. At fourteen years of age, he left his preparatory school for Harvard College, forward of his classmates in geography, history, languages, and general information. He soon became a favorite in his class, and was called Little Hampton by way of affection, and was the friend of every one. This popularity soon proved an injury to him; for he was so much courted, that he was under the necessity, as he thought, of spending much of his time in company. He did not feel the effects of this at first, he was so much better prepared for college studies than most of his associates; but after his second year he was forced to be more studious, as the lessons did not depend so much on memory as on

judgement and reflection. He bent his mind to his tasks, but two years' negligence required hard labor to redeem. His resolution, however, did not flag, and he graduated, if not the first, still among the first of his class. As a speaker, he had no rival. His eloquence formed an era in college history. His memory was tenacious, and his voice one of great compass and sweetness. The chapel was always crowded, when it was known that Hampton was to declaim. This reputation brought him acquainted with several distinguished actors, then lately arrived in this country, and who were deservedly popular—Hodgkins, Jones, Taylor, Chalmers, Villiers, and others. He often met them, and passed a delightful evening in their company; and such were the fascinations of their colloquial powers, that he could not refrain from meeting them often: and as they could not begin the pleasures of the evening until their stage duties were over, it was necessarily very late when the social circle broke up. In the parties of these actors and wits, there were often many elegant minds, who were enamored with the charm of the drama. They thought a play-house the Eden of life. Many of these young men paid dearly for indulging this passion, suffering many years before this delusion passed away.

No man ever possessed higher qualifications for a table companion than Hampton: he could sing enchantingly, and had committed to memory a great number of songs, gay and solemn. He was full of anecdotes, and admirable at attack and retort, in the conversation of the social circle. His flashes of wit were dazzling, but he never scorched or wounded his friends, however warm the dialogue might be. If he bent his bow with more than mortal vigor, his arrows, like those of Ascanius, passed off in a harmless blaze of light, all knowing that the archer was a favorite of the gods,

and had no intention of injuring man. In this society he lingered, until duty called him home, to look after his pecuniary affairs. His mother had died suddenly, and he came into possession on this event of a large estate, left him by his maternal grandfather. He was an only son, and at his mother's death an only child. After settling his affairs, he entered his name with a distinguished counsellor at law, and commenced reading the prescribed course for a practitioner. He continued his studies, and at the end of three years was admitted to the bar. Great expectations were cherished by his friends, in regard to his professional success, particularly as an advocate. He argued several causes with great eloquence and power, but it was soon seen that he wanted in industry. He had in fact no partiality for his profession. He abhorred its drudgery, and thought that it made him too much acquainted with crime. As he was passing away his days without effect, and in a state of indifference, a disturbance amounting to something like a war broke out between this country and France, and Congress authorized the raising of troops, to constitute an army of defence. The pride of the country, General Hamilton, was the First Major General, and Washington was appointed Lieutenant General, and was to take the command when the occasion called him to the field. All the first young men of the country panted for office; and among them Hampton applied for an appointment, and received at once a majority, to the great grief of his best friends, but to the delight of the army. He repaired to Oxford, assumed command, and was at once the pride and delight of all. He had made himself master of his duties, and took rank as a parade officer higher than any one in camp. He appeared to his less instructed brother officers as a veteran in knowledge, and was called the Steuben of the army. The army was not then a goo



school for morals for young men: the officers were many of them wealthy, and lived extravagantly. Major Hampton was so popular, that every one was desirous of enjoying his society, and he lived in a constant round of dissipation, at his own, or at the table of others. The army was soon disbanded, and he returned to social life, with no greater love for his legal profession than he had felt when he left it, and he could not be prevailed on to return to his duties. In the town where he lived, it was not respectable to live without attention to some business, and he was advised to find a partner, and engage in commercial pursuits. He soon took as a partner a well-bred young merchant, and commenced business. For a while, the major seemed pleased with his occupation. He kept his books with great care; but the novelty soon wore off, and he grew tired of the confinement; and as often as he could took his journies of pleasure with a few gay friends, and left his partner to do in-door as well as out-door business; and when he returned, it was with a diminished relish for labor. Perhaps from some compunction of conscience he would engage with new zeal, but this did not last long. The nations of Europe were then at war, and the United States had the carrying trade, and fortunes were rapidly made. Hampton's partner proposed a dissolution, which was soon effected, although both parties were advised to the contrary. On settlement, they divided large profits, and the major found that he was a rich man. He at once made judicious purchases of real estate, and put the balance of his funds into the stocks. He had enough, for he was not then avaricious. To every literary institution, he was among the most liberal benefactors. To the poor, he was always generous, and made it a part of his duty to see to their wants in person. At his place of business, you would find decayed gentlemen who were his pen-

sioners ; and to them, if he was sometimes haughty to his equals, he "was as sweet as summer." In the deep snows of winter, he visited every humble abode of poverty in his neighborhood with ample supplies of fuel, provisions, and medicines, when it was wanted. This became so constant a habit with him, that a severe storm was supposed to bring him the most happy moments. He was as liberal to charitable institutions as to literary and scientific. If the ladies had any project on foot, he was high on the list of their subscribers : they made their calculations on him.

If at times a few good women sighed on hearing that his dinner-parties did not break up till midnight, they instantly alluded to some liberal and munificent act of his, and strove to cover the story by one of charity. Such was his eloquence, that he was frequently called upon to deliver addresses on public occasions ; as such was the purity of his sentiments and the charms of his language, that every slight blast on his reputation among these primitive and fastidious people with whom he lived was washed away at once. At such times, all eyes turned upon the orator as he left the Hall, and every tongue was ready to bless him : even the antiquated virgin, who had often talked sharply about his gaiety, his love of wine, and his syren delusions, seemed at this moment subdued, and was ready to say, he is a fascinating creature ! he is charming enough to deceive an angel !

At this time, some of his friends who loved and honored him, ventured to suggest to him that it was now proper for him to settle in life, and become a domestic man. To this he listened with more attention than they thought he would. He had become quite pleased with a young lady of his native town. She was a being out of the ordinary course. Her person resembled the best model of female statuary : sym-

metry and grace were her's, without looking with the eye of a lover. Her form was animated by no stolen fire from heaven ; but a lambent and celestial flame seemed to light it up as though it came all mildly from the stars, on whose beams come blessings to mortals. Her movements were in harmony with this thought, and she walked as the figure of St. Cecelia, when she converted the heathen priest at the altar, with her air and motion, as she approached the Christian shrine. Her voice was finely touched with the tones of a bewitching melancholy, without any accent of anxiety or distress in them. Her taste and temperament would have led her, if she had lived in a classic age and country, to have enrolled herself among the vestals. Miss Miranda Falmouth had been educated by an aunt—her mother dying when she was an infant. This aunt was a woman of sense, and well acquainted with the world. She was attentive to the child of her charge, and spared no pains in her education. This young lady was in the circle in which Hampton moved : she had heard of his eloquence, his taste, and benevolence ; but it was also accompanied with some hints of his gaiety. The major was advised to secure her if he could—all believing that such a woman would make him an exemplary man ; and intimated that she should be approached by cautious steps. He made up his mind to make the attempt—and, as preliminaries, gave up his dinner-parties, and refrained from the use of all ardent spirits. In a small city, this change of habits was soon made known to his friends—but only a very few knew any thing of his intentions. There was a small society formed by the young ladies of the place, for the purpose of improving their minds by reading aloud, in turns, some work of celebrity ; for this intent, they held meetings at each other's houses. Hampton had a magnificent library, and was in the habit of receiving

all the new and rare works from England. He now-and-then sent some of the choicest of his importations to this little coterie for their amusement and instruction. Miranda belonged to this club, and sometimes could not help expressing her admiration of the major's taste. One of Hampton's friends—a scholar, who in a measure directed the reading of the young ladies, most of them being his friends or relations—was, at times, invited to read some passages which he was pleased with in the books he brought them. This might have been done to prepare the way for the major—and soon an opportunity offered. Scott's *Lady of the Lake* had just been received on this side of the Atlantic, and had been read only by a few in advance of the public taste. It was so managed, that the book and its owner was found in the little circle towards the close of one of their evening sittings. He had marked the striking passages of the work, and read them with great effect. He was requested to meet them again—and did, until the work was finished. It was then loaned to the young ladies, to be read to their friends. It had not as yet been published in this country.

This book was followed by others—and the major was frequently, with some of his younger friends, found reading to the young ladies. In the autumn, they were in the habit, after the manner of their ancestors, of taking pleasant excursions to some neighboring sea-shore, to walk on the beach, and enjoy the breeze, as it came with health and freshness from the wave. When fatigued, they retired to a neighboring public-house, and partook of a supper, and early in the evening retired to their respective habitations. These little pleasure-parties were conducted by managers selected for the purpose, in order that there should be no partiality shown. Those who were to occupy the same carriage, knew nothing about it until they received the directions from the managers.

The major was now considered a reformed man—and mothers cast their eyes upon him as an eligible match for their daughters. When the regular winter assemblies began, the major was elected Master of Ceremonies. His attention to dress and all proper ceremonies, united to his mild and courteous deportment, made him a popular manager in the ball-room. He commenced the season with new rules and more exact regulations. The dress was in some measure agreed upon. The music was to cease precisely at twelve o'clock, even if the dance had just been called. No ardent spirits were to be furnished in the refreshment or the supper-rooms. The major paid no particular attention to reigning belles, but sought those who seemed not to command their ordinary share of attention. Miranda Falmouth could not but observe this, and made the remark to her aunt. While they were in conversation on the subject, the master of ceremonies advanced, and asked the matron to dance with him. She replied, "My dancing days are gone; you must excuse me." The gallant major turned to Miranda, and requested her to dance. The dame's eyes said, "Yes—you may." They joined the cotillion. When supper was announced, he led the aunt to the room, and seated her at the head of the table: the niece followed. On their leaving the ball-room, he was attentive in seeing that their wrappers and hoods were at hand, and the way to their carriage clear. He was so attentive to all, that this was not thought in the slightest degree exclusive. On the last night of the season for the assemblies, the gentry of the neighboring towns were invited to attend. The hall was tastefully decorated, and the supper-table was superb. The manager closed the season on the 10th of April, which he knew was Miranda's birth-day. She had then completed her nineteenth year. A veteran relation from a distance handed the aunt to the

supper-table with the courtesy of the old school of manners. The major, for the first time during the season, offered his arm to Miranda, and seated her by the side of her aunt—and to both was particularly attentive; but the stranger engrossed most of the matron's time, for he was conversing upon the pride and glory of past times—a subject delightful to those who approximate “the sear and yellow leaf of life:” with them there is no scene so bright as that which gilded their early days. The manager improved his opportunity, and said “words of such sweet breath,” that Miranda was unconscious that he was so attentive. The room was decorated with the finest paintings, with antique busts, and other models of sculpture—a part, and a large part of which was from the manager's own rooms. He gave his opinions upon all matters of taste with the most submissive and delicate air, but at the same time with a consciousness of having paid more attention to the subject than others had done. The evening closed most prosperously, and all came and congratulated the manager on the success of all the amusements of the winter. Even those antiquated maidens who in former times closed the dance with some bitter remark for want of attention, were forced to bear testimony to the manager's impartial courtesy.

On May-day, a party was prepared to botanize in the woods of the neighboring farms. It was a fair day, but there were but few flowers to be found: Nature had not as yet been prolific of her bounties; but, from his own garden, he had prepared garlands of flowers, as they returned to tea, and were satisfied with their rambles. He gave them a repast. Miranda was there—and it was now seen that the major had made no small progress in his suit, without venturing hardly a word on the subject to any one but his most intimate friend; in fact, it seemed to be conceded on all

hands, that he had nothing to fear whenever he thought proper to prepare himself. The 28th of June was his birthday—and the sagacious aunt of his favorite knew it; and a few days beforehand, she sent out invitations for a party at her country house, to eat strawberries and cream on that day. The major was in a straight—as he had, for the first time for nearly a year, invited a few friends to dine with him; but still, he could not refuse to accept of the strawberry invitation—for he saw that it was in compliment to him, and he deeply felt it as such. He was determined to be cautious, and to restrain his convivial feelings. The day arrived; the dinner was excellent, and his guests enjoyed themselves to the highest degree. He was cautious in his conviviality, and only sipped his wine with his friends. At six o'clock he put a friend at the head of the table, and ordered his gig for his visit. A fine shower had fallen in the afternoon, while he and his friends were at the table. The shower had just passed away—at intervals of time, raining a few large drops. As he was ascending a fine eminence, he turned to the east, and observed a beautiful rainbow. The colors were most brilliant; and beyond it still another, with their fading tints, sometimes as lovely as the first—for the eye can rest upon it with more composure. He dwelt upon these phenomena with delight, and could not help hailing their brilliant appearances as emblems of his future happiness. He said to himself, "The Fates have at last been kind. This sign is set in the heavens to dissipate my fears, and to promise me all the delights of wedded love. Did Adam see a bow in Eden?" He continued to gaze in ecstasy until the sun and its prismatic lights had sunk together. Flushed with this augury, as he thought it, he drove on to meet the party. He was perfectly himself—in a fine glow of spirits. He reached the house, gave his

horse to the servant, and adjusted his cravat before he entered the room filled with ladies. The large, old-fashioned hall, in which they were assembled, was a part of an old mansion-house, to which had been added several modern apartments, elevated above the ancient part by two steps. Not knowing this fact, the major entered as if the surface had been entirely smooth, and made a false step, and fell on one knee. He recovered himself instantly, and, as a man of the world, made light of the circumstance, and turned to compliment the ladies with his usual ease and grace. He then made his way to the parson of the parish, and entered fully with him into the merits of some polemic matters then being published by several gentlemen of professed erudition and no ordinary degree of genius. He glanced his eyes towards Miranda, and saw that she was as pale as death—and her female friends soon led her out of the room. This came over him as a death blow—for he had heard that there were certain old maids who had within a few days been attempting to persuade Miranda that his reformation was not to be relied upon ; and some of them were present when he made the mis-step, and turned a malignant look at her on the occasion. She shrunk from the basilisk glance with dismay. This was too much for her delicate nerves. The envious had triumphed. Miranda at once returned home. The evening went off pleasant enough to all appearance, notwithstanding, and the major did everything to make the party happy. Even on this night, all but the malignant few were charmed with his conversation. The parson was delighted to find a layman so well acquainted with the strong points of the religious controversy. The major, however, went home with awful forebodings. The next forenoon he received a letter from the aunt of Miranda, intimating that his visits would no longer be received at her house.



He called on his friend the parson, and stated the whole matter to him, and asked his advice. This was known to others, and every one volunteered his service to do away with the unjust suspicion. The duty was most affectionately performed. All declared that he was perfectly sober. The parson added, that, several years previous to that time, when called on to celebrate a marriage in the same hall, that he had the misfortune to make just such a mistake, in stepping from one room into the other—much to his mortification, and inconvenience to his limbs and apparel. The aunt was perfectly satisfied, but at the same time observed, that her niece was in ill health, and if the mis-step was an accident, it must be considered at the same time a sad omen, and one that should teach her that Major Hampton was not to be her husband. The story soon reached the public—and the little sea-port was in great agitation. Almost every one took the side of the major—but it would not do; the poison that malignity distilled, envy continued to concoct. Miranda was under no pledge, and therefore broke no oath. The very old maids who had made the mischief, more than insinuated to the major's friends that they personally should not have any such scruples: but this trick would not answer; he would have wed a bramble as soon as one of them. For awhile he indulged some hopes that a change would take place in Miranda's mind: but this hope was illusory. His mortification was so great, that he did not appear in public. His heart was breaking. In a few months he arranged his affairs, made his will, appointed an agent to manage for him in his absence, and fixed upon his mode of supplies, if his funds in England should not hold out. It was known that he had some unsettled claims in South America—and the suggestion was circulated that he had gone to the Brazils on his own business. Instead of going to South America,

he repaired from one of the southern ports of his own country directly to England, by the name of *Thomas Carter*—assuming his mother's name, which he considered justifiable, and quite after the European fashion.

On reaching England, he was introduced to the first circles of taste and intelligence; and such was his power in conversation and song, that his company was sought by the leaders in high-bred society. His information was greater than those they had seen from America, and he had much of the Englishman in his manners.

In the circle to which Major Hampton was introduced, were some of the first minds of the land. He soon met at a dinner-party the celebrated wits of the time—among whom was Richard Brinsley Sheridan, who was even then “the observed of all observers,” for at that time his infirmities were generally concealed. By one of those accidents which sometimes happen in large circles, the major was not introduced to the British senator, but they had some knowledge of each other. Hampton very well knew the person of Sheridan, and the latter had heard that a “*cute Yankee*” would dine with the party that day—and chance placed them nearly opposite each other at table. Sheridan had paid a double devotion to his brandy and water that day, before dinner was announced, and soon began to throw out those flashes of wit for which he was so renowned—and, looking at the major, observed, “I presume, sir, that I am not trespassing upon any of the laws of the convivial board in your country or mine, in addressing a remark to you without the formality of an introduction?” The major politely bowed, and replied, “Sir, I come here into society to take my cue from older actors than myself—not to give it.” “A little touch at the shop,” thought the dramatist; but, recovering, and assuming that smiling courtesy in manner

which is peculiar to one half-way gone in inebriation—  
“ Well, my dear sir, I am told that you, on the other side of the water, have made the discovery, that civilized man should walk, in modern fashion, on his hind legs ?” “ Yes,” replied the major—“ we have really in theory reached this point of knowledge, and it is thought to be the most graceful and gentlemanly way of getting over the ground—and we practise it, except at times when we imitate some of your Members of Parliament, who take the Circean cup, until, by necessity, they must go on all-fours, or not at all.” The voice of the respondent was so clear, and his sentences so pointed, that the senator quailed beneath them—but soon rallied. The smile, however, was against him. “ Pray, sir,” said Sheridan, “ where did you learn the English language ?—you seem to speak it pretty well.” “ From my mother,” said the major—“ who kept out of sight all Irish dictionaries.” This, Sheridan felt a little personal. Changing his tone, he proceeded : “ I understand that Edmund Burke was the god of American idolatry ?” “ Yes,” said the major—“ his *Treatise on the Sublime and Beautiful* is held in high estimation in my country, as well as several other of his works : his *Regicide Peace*, and his *Letter to a Noble Lord*, are read with avidity and delight in my native land ; and he might have been still greater on the list than he is, if he had not used flattery and ever strained language in praise of his colleagues, in the trial of Warren Hastings.” The smile now became a loud laugh ; the wit was disconcerted, and was mortified by being put into this situation by a *raw Yankee*, as he thought him. He made a desperate struggle to rally—and, raising his voice to a high pitch—as men often do who feel that they have come off second best—said, “ What is the state of the drama in your country, for I suppose that you may have seen a play ?”

"Yes," said the major—"when Hodgkinson and others who visited my country, enacted Shakspeare's tragedies, I sometimes attended; but, since the wretched translations of German rhapsodies have taken their place, I have had no great partiality for the drama, and have thought that when senators meddle with these matters, that parliamentary eloquence will decline." The roar was now obstreperous, and "Sherry" was silent—he had "caught a Tartar!" The wits saw the calibre of the stranger—and his table next day was filled with invitations to all sorts of parties.

In a few days he met Sheridan again, and now had a regular introduction. The orator gave the American a cordial shake of the hand, and said, "I am glad to see you. Egad! does your country produce men such as you?"—"No," was the careless reply—"most of them are vastly my superiors." He was then introduced to Tom Moore, who received him very cordially. The major did not understand it—but Moore was this evening pitted against him, and at supper it was arranged that they should be on opposite sides of the table, near each other. After the viands were despatched, and the wine began to circulate, Moore played off some of those light and lovely sallies which gave his conversation a charm above that of most other persons; these were met with equal power and courtesy. They were at once in love with each other, and no one could set them to "the encounter of sharp wits." Moore was soon called upon for a song—for the table saw at once they were not to have a second edition of the Sheridan dialogue. He gave one of his own, (of which he had a store,) of more Attic honey than Anacreon himself could boast of—and he seemed to address his remarks to his new friend with all his warmth of soul. The major was next called upon for a song: he declared he was no musician. This was true; if he spoke

of science ; but his voice was natural, flexible, and sweet. He was pressed by all around him—for they wished, probably, to hear a native's measure, thinking it might be in the Cherokee or Seminole language. It was intimated that an aboriginal song would be most acceptable. "Well, gentlemen," said he, "you shall have a primitive song." He sung a foreign ode : some thought it was truly Indian, and were astonished to find how much Indian sounded like Greek ! The classical ear of Moore caught the first line ; it was an ode from Anacreon. When it was finished, before Moore had an opportunity to rise, a song in Sapphic measure was commenced by the stranger—the words still being Greek. It had been composed by a learned friend of the major's, for him to sing at a classical glee-club. It was in praise of the translation of Anacreon. It purported to be a poetical prophecy of the Lesbian dame—that the beauties of her god-tongued Greek should, in some future day, when kingdoms had decayed, and the glory of Greece had departed, be, by a bard of an isle in the Western Ocean, where the horses of the sun went down to rest, infused into a new-born language. Moore arose, and continued standing while it was singing ; and, when the singer ended, returned his thanks to the major in the most heartfelt manner. Half the guests could not think what the poet was about : all were astonished when Moore went on to say, that the poetry was as divine as ever the Delphic muse had inspired—uttered in the language of the *Attic bee*—and sung as one who had been taught in the school of Apollo. The applause was deafening. Moore concluded by drinking the health of "the all-accomplished stranger." The major arose, and returned his thanks for the high honor done him, in a strain of eloquence which astonished his audience. He hastily, but felicitously sketched the history and progress of the English

language from the days of Sir Thomas More to Shakspeare, Milton, and the writers in the days of Ann, down to his own time, when orators and poets in Britain were earning the amaranthine wreath of glory : and, notwithstanding the dialogue that had passed between himself and Sheridan, he placed the orator among the great names of antiquity. He was interrupted by repeated bursts of applause, which were followed by that silence in which breath and motion seemed to be suspended. He showed that England's poets and great men were familiar to him as those of his own country. Never did any man make a deeper impression on his audience. Sheridan declared that he had heard Chatham, and all the great speakers of the age since, and that he had never heard this day's eloquence surpassed.

The major threw himself on his couch as soon as he left the convivial board, with a high fever in his veins, from his extraordinary exertions. He felt that he was an orator ; but he carried the arrow in his wounded side, and no hand could draw the barbed weapon by which his peace had been slain. This was a secret to all his new acquaintances ; they thought him the happiest man alive. With fortune, health, genius, and the accomplishments of a finished gentleman, what could be added ? They could not see, that, with all these blessings, he carried with him a vulture which was preying upon his vitals. In the pride of his fame he envied the humblest wretch he saw. What was the fame of an orator to him ?

Among those he was introduced to was Lieut. General Sir John Moore, at that time an object of admiration in England. Nelson had fallen, and Pitt and Fox were sleeping side by side in their quiet graves in Westminster Abbey ; and Sir John now stood first in the eyes of an admiring nation. His life had been an eventful one ; he had entered the army

at fifteen years of age ; had served in the West Indies with such gallantry, that he was appointed governor of one of the islands in that region. He was with Abercrombie when he fell in Egypt, in the arms of victory. Sir John had also served in Sweden and other places, and had won laurels wherever he fought. He had the scars of many honorable wounds to show ; but his modesty was equal to his prowess. Sir John was spirited and witty in conversation, and loved the company of high-bred men. He had just been appointed to the command of the army of the Peninsula in Spain—as the British had agreed to assist Spain, struggling to get free from the withering grasp of France. He found that Major Hampton was a soldier, and had studied his profession, but had no chance to see dangerous service—and ventured to suggest to him, that he should be happy to accept of his service as a volunteer aid. This was readily acceded to by the major—not from the love of military renown, but as a palliation of mental pain. In the autumn of 1808, he proceeded, by forced marches, into the interior, to meet the French under Bonaparte. Sir John was every day expecting a large Spanish force to join him—but no such force came, although the British Ambassador was constantly promising Sir John that it should come forthwith. After marching an hundred miles or more in the interior, and discovering that the French army was three times as large as the English, he made up his mind to retrace his steps to the sea coast, and from thence, by the aid of his fleet, to land on the south of Spain, where the supplies for his army could be more easily obtained, with a better chance of raising a Spanish army. When this was fixed upon by Sir John Moore, Marshal Soult commanded the French forces. He had been left by Bonaparte to lead on the French army. He was an excellent general, with a fine body of troops. There is always great confusion

in a retreating army—most of which was caused in this by the facilities the soldiers had to purchase liquors from the natives. Hundreds of poor intoxicated wretches fell by the swords of the enemy, without lifting a hand to resist. From the time Sir John had ordered the retreat, until he reached the seaboard, he was constantly fighting.—The major was the most active and fearless officer on the field. He volunteered to perform the most desperate enterprises, and his cool and judicious manner excited the admiration of the whole army. He commanded the grenadiers when Colbert, a most gallant French officer, was killed, and whose fate was regretted by the whole British army—for he was as magnanimous as brave.

On the day of the battle of Corunna, the major was more exposed than any other officer—for he carried the orders of the commander-in-chief from one part of the army to another. Hope, Berresford, and Bayard, took notice of his gallant bearing on that memorable day. He had just returned from the thickest of the fight, to inform Sir John that the French army were retreating, when the fatal cannon-ball struck the general in the breast. The ball had struck the earth—rebounded, passing over the major's head—and then did its deed of death upon the illustrious general. The wound, terrible as it was, having torn his shoulder from the body of the victim, was not instantly mortal. Sir John was borne off the field, supported by the sashes of the officers around him, and expired after a few hours, with serenity and firmness, in the citadel. Like Wolfe, he heard the shouts of victory before he expired. He was buried by torch-light, in a mound of the fortress, wrapt in his military cloak, in a grave dug with bayonets. It was indeed a melancholy sight; all were solemn: but there stood one over his grave who envied him his quiet resting place, and



his glorious exit, and narrow bed ; one who had that day sought death in every form of danger—but not a hair of his head had fallen :—it was the major. When dying, Sir John had recommended his American friend to the British Government ; but, the praises bestowed, he never meant to use as a matter of court favor.

The greater part of the army embarked that night, and the major was with them. He seemed to have but one wish, and that was, to save his Andalusian courser, who had borne him with spirit and safety during the whole day, without a wound, or without a spur to urge him onward. He had caught his master's spirit, and was shielded by his master's good fortune; and received no harm.

The army wept the fate of their general—and the chief of the French army at once erected a monument on the spot to the memory of a consummate general ; and the sweetest muse has mourned his untimely fate in the loveliest inspirations of grief—but his countrymen have not as yet given him a monument in Westminster Abbey. How uncertain is fame !—when Charles I. is called “ of blessed memory,” and the day of his execution set apart for religious ceremonies—and Sir John Moore is denied a monument in Westminster Abbey ! The process of justice is going on in the region of history : names of glory now are to be sunk in infamy, and those who have been under a cloud are coming up. The writers of the present day are doing justice to those great men of the time of the Commonwealth. In that day there were men who acted upon higher principles than they have been thought to have acted : they intended to give freedom to man, and set an example for the world. This, no matter : justice to them in their graves may be late ; but if certain, it is enough.

While the major was living in his native town, he had in

his service a colored man who had been a slave in the West Indies, but came to the United States with his master—who, in his last will and testament, gave Clement his freedom. Before the major took his departure, he gave his faithful servant the lease of a small house for ten years. Clement had noticed his master's movements, and did not believe a word of the story that he was gone to South America. He followed him to New York—and from all the circumstances he could gather, believed that he had sailed for England. In London, Clem. found the major, and they had quite a joyous meeting. The major was a man who delighted in strong attachments. Clem. followed the major into Spain, and was there of great service to him—for his old master had been in all the battles fought in St. Domingo when it was revolutionized, and understood his duty in a camp as well as any one. Clem. had been seen about an hour before he was missed on the day of the battle, but was not to be found when the firing ceased. His absence distressed the major—and he took several boys with torches to examine the battle field, to find Clem. alive or dead. The scene was more awful than the battle; the dead and dying were strewed over the ground and in every nook of the rocks. Some were just expiring, and seemed to throw the last glare of their stiffened eye-balls on the torches as they were borne along. At length one of the boys cried out, "Major!—there is a black man on the rocks yonder, holding a corpse in his arms!" It was Clem. In passing over the field towards the close of the battle, he saw the son of his old master in the West Indies, weltering in his blood, on the ground, and near him was his dead horse. Clem. had carried him to this retreat, and brought him water to revive him. The wounded officer and the faithful African were brought to the citadel. The young French officer had bled pro-

fusely, but his wound was not dangerous. When the British army left the coast, the major wrote to Marshal Soult, and stated the circumstances under which he found Leclerc, (the name of the French officer,) and requested him to send his servant to England when the officer should no longer need his services. In six or eight weeks Clem. arrived with presents from the officer, and with an open letter, answering at once as a passport and as a high recommendation—for it stated his services. The major's gallantry in the field had been noticed by Soult, and Clem. was with him most of the day.

When the Major reached England, he found his name blazoned through all the land. Sheridan mentioned his American friend in one of his speeches, and seemed at a loss which to admire most, his literary taste, or his martial prowess. The lord Mayor had him placed at his right hand at an aldermanic dinner. As he drove through several small towns in England, which he took occasion to visit, the driver who had seen him in London, whispered to the bystanders, that they had a chance of seeing the man who had whipped the French so the other day, and at times he was much annoyed by his notoriety ; and, with a mind even less at ease than when he first visited England, he was anxious to see such parts of Europe as might be visited at that time in safety. He had mistaken the nature of the passion, when he sought to quench the flame of love by cherishing a thirst for glory, it were as vain as to throw the spirits of wine on a flame of fire to drown it.

His friends who were now numerous, devised the best way for him to travel, this was done through the diplomatic corps then in England. Provided with all passports, he assumed the dress of an officer of the Imperial Guards, and was soon on his way to Rome. The Austrian Ambassador

had given him a protection, and a letter to Cardinal Gonsalvi by the title of Major Rosencrantz. The Cardinal received him kindly, and promised him safety while he remained at Rome. This was pleasant, as he intended to make Rome a residence for a year or two, and with this intention he took a house and provided himself with servants; but Clem. was still his right hand man. The Major at once employed a master to teach him the Italian language. His acquaintance with Latin and French greatly facilitated his progress. He was, in moments of leisure, examining all the curiosities of the Eternal City. By the friends he had at Rome, the Vatican and all public places were made quite familiar to him. His master in the Italian language was also one of the cognocenti, and some one of his female friends was so kind as to be his Corrine when he happened to meet a social circle, and express his wish to visit any particular place. Almost every day he saw some American on his travels; these American travellers make nothing in ascending mountains and crossing rivers; they make a grand tour as rapidly as Southey wrote his epic, the JOAN OF ARC, in six weeks. The Major although perfectly in cog., managed to have most of them at his table. He put numerous questions to all of them, and was amused at their answers on subjects which he was well acquainted. He had been engaged during his stay in Rome, in collecting a gallery of fine paintings, in which he was greatly assisted by some of the Italian ladies. He intended that this collection should in some future day be sent to his native land, whether he should ever see it or not. The Cardinal Gonsalvi was delighted with the English language, and had made great proficiency in it, but wished to catch the grace of colloquial eloquence, and delighted with the Major's conversation, he saw him as often as his duties would permit him to do. The learned

and exalted dignitary of the church had just begun to relish the beauties of Shakspeare ; here the Major was at home, but few understood the author better, and no one could read him so well. In these Attic intercourses the dignitary forgot his honors, and was only the learned and agreeable man. In one of these familiar conversations, Gonsalvi made these remarks : " these plays are a mighty engine in the moral and political world, for whenever a people become fond of Shakspeare, they are more than half Englishmen, and in training for the adoption of their constitution and their laws ; if ever the Church of Rome is to be undermined, it will be done by the writings of Shakspeare. He lived in an age of apostacy, and here in disguise, opposed the subtleties of reason, to the cannon of the church. One of his plays is more dangerous than ten religious attacks upon us from protestant divines. We are prepared for them on all hands ; but such attacks as Shakspeare made, are difficult to parry."

One day as the Major was gazing upon the crumbling walls of the Colliseum, where the cows now grazed, reflecting on the fall of empires, and on the constancy of change, he heard several voices in conversation in the area of this immense edifice. The tones of some of the voices seemed distressingly familiar. He turned and saw several of his American friends, and among them was Miranda Falmouth, and her aunt. The Colliseum swam around in his vision, and he sat on a fragment of the walls to recall his bewildered senses. He was fearful at first that he should be known to the group, but recollecting his military dress, his large black whiskers, and his wig many shades darker than his own hair, he plucked up courage and threw himself in their way, and began a conversation with the American gentleman, into which the ladies were imperceptably drawn. The Major with his accustomed gallantry, offered the aunt his

arm, which was readily accepted, as the fame of the Austrian stranger was in every public house in Rome, and his attention to American travellers had been particularly noticed; in truth, the party had been looking for him for several days. Miranda several times looked as pale as death, when she thought how much the tones of the gallant Austrian's voice resembled those of her once admired friend Hampton, and then she thought that it was all imagination. Some mutual acquaintances met the party and they had a formal introduction to each other, which was followed by a proposition from the Major to permit him to accompany them to the Vatican next day, and after the visit was over to dine with him; this was at once accepted by the ladies and gentlemen, as the Austrian's character was so well known. The next morning's sun arose, and the Major called on the ladies and all went to examine the works of the great masters in painting in past ages. The aunt had relinquished in some degree the particular attention paid her by the stranger in favor of her neice. The mysterious resemblance of the voice of her once dear friend, to that of the Austrian officer was still in her ears, and she breathed an unconcious sigh, which did not pass unnoticed. Their size was about the same, but on further examination she came to the conclusion that the Austrian was more stately, the American was more graceful. The merits of the paintings were discussed by the Austrian to the delight of all. He gave the history of the picture, with anecdotes of the painter, with as much ease and eloquence as one bred in the bosom of the arts; here Miranda thought all parallel would fail. The library was as attractive as the pictures; the illumined manuscripts; the splended volumes from the Aldine presses, with all the charms of vellum and type passed in review, until the hour for dinner was announced by the African in

full Austrian livery. The moment he appeared, the aunt was struck with his resemblance to Clem. who had been a servant in her family for many years, but there was not the slightest look of recognition on his part, of course she smiled at her own fancies. When seated at table, the aunt found just such a dinner as she would have ordered for a particular friend; the roasted veal, the soup, the curried chicken, and the marsh bird, all seemed as on her own table. The conversation at table, after the subjects of England and the Continent were exhausted, turned upon the United States of America. The master of the feast appeared well read in American history, but misunderstood some of the geography of the country. Among other things, he quoted an Italian writer, who, speaking of the rivers Merrimack, and Connecticut, in New England, says, "these rivers like twin swans from the same nest, hold their course to the ocean, and mingle their waters with those of the mother of the floods, within a few miles of each other." Miranda smiling replied, "it seems wrong to destroy the beauty of the figure by telling the truth; but they arise far from each other, and join the ocean more than an hundred and fifty miles apart." The history of the Government was another topic of discussion, and some singular points were stated by the host, for which he had day and date; but, his guests insisted were errors—now fully explained. Nothing could exceed their astonishment, when the Austrian officer mentioned Cotton Mather as among the early American novelists; one, he thought, of great learning and of a most brilliant imagination. He said that Mather was admirable in drawing characters, and that his invention was but little inferior to that of the English Shakespeare in the supernatural world. The whole machinery of the New England witchcraft, he declared to be finely conceived and admirably carried out. He how-

ever thought that burning at the stake, would have been more epic than vulgar hanging ; but he supposed that hanging was more in keeping with the age, and that the reason that they suffered on the gallows was the same as that given by one of the great crown lawyers of England for this mode of punishment by suspension—that is, men who were not fit for this world, or another, should be suspended between heaven and earth. Miranda smiled, but her aunt a very well informed woman attempted to explain the whole matter, to which he lent the most devout attention, and seemed to enter with great pleasure into the explanation. He had before conceived the whole as a mass of fiction, and was surprised on finding it a matter of veritable history. The guests were not a little surprised that one who had lived so long in England, as this Austrian was said to have been there, should with his good sense have taken up such wild and erroneous impressions ; but since she had come from America, the aunt had before found that the English people were in many errors in regard to her own country.

The conversation now turned upon the revolutionary struggle, on this subject the Austrian was quite at home. The matron had been the wife of an actor, and a distinguished one in that great event, and she spoke feelingly and eloquently on the subject. Miranda was silent, but was delighted to hear one so far from her native land, so deeply interested in her country's history. The character of Washington came upon the tapis, and the Austrian did ample justice to the merits of that great man ; he placed his valor, his skill in military strategy, in a proper light, but above all his Fabian wisdom in the whole course of his military life. He then adverted to the American Congress, and descanted upon the abilities of the members, touching with a nice and delicate discrimination the peculiar merits of the deceased statesman



who had been the husband of the matron before him ; she looked a thousand thanks, but dared not trust herself to express one of them. The manners, customs, and character of the American people, were in turn brought forward and discussed by the Austrian, with honorable feelings, and with military brevity. The guests were astonished at his general information, while they were amused at the incorrectness of some of the sources of his information.

The next day a party on horseback was proposed ; Miranda rode elegantly. The Austrian asked permission to find a horse for the young lady, for he had one he knew would suit her. The aunt took a carriage. The Andalusian courser, who had bourn the gallant officer in his Spanish campaign, had been brought to Rome, and now was caparisoned with an English side-saddle, found among the English families in the city. The animal was as gentle as spirited, obedient to his master's voice in every situation. The Austrian rode a cream colored charger ; they rode around the city and along the banks of the Tiber, and were the admiration of the population. The Austrian gave the whole cavalcade a minute history of the several places, both ancient and modern. They visited the tombs of the Scipios, and others of the mighty dead, who had the honor of being buried on the road side. Miranda was charmed with her ride ; the Andalusian behaved with all possible spirit, gentleness, and obedience ; he seemed to know that his master's feeling were in the case. The rider felt no fatigue, and as she dismounted, the officer made her a proffer of his horse, whenever she might want to ride. An accident transpired which had well nigh led to a disclosure ; the Major pushed his horse, then a little restive, over a fragment of a column, which was done so furiously, that his wig had nearly fell from his head. They returned after the day's amuse-

ment to an elegant supper, or rather dinner; they had partaken of light refreshments several times during the day, but had not set down to any regular meal. The banquet was in first Italian style; the covers were numerous, and shone by the lights of an hundred lamps; one would have thought that Lucullus had come back to Rome to sup with Lucullus. The light wines of Italy flowed like water, and Miranda noticed how sparingly the host drank. Oh? thought she, could the too indulgent Hampton have been so abstemious, we should now have been a happy couple. A band of music was playing while the guests were at table; the host gave them a toast: "The United States, and its enlightened inhabitants." The music instantly struck up "Hail Columbia," and followed with the national air of "Yankee Doodle," which the host accompanied with his voice. The unexpected compliment was received with transport. Instantly a German March succeeded, not giving the guests time to reason on the subject. After his guests had retired, the Major threw himself on his bed in a paroxysm of feeling; he had acted his part all day with the greatest effort, and when the scene was over he could not contain himself, or remain master of his feelings. At one moment he made up his mind to go and throw himself at Miranda's feet, confess all, and implore her to save him; but instantly his pride arose to condemn such a step, for he would rather have died an hundred deaths than to have a second refusal; and there were again moments when he had lashed himself to high resentment at what he thought his ill treatment! that he was not certain he would marry her if every obstacle was removed; then followed a gush of salt tears, and sleeplessness and feverish dreams. One image of despair chased another, until the day shone all lovely upon his aching head and broken heart. There is something in daylight that

soothes the wretched. Apollo was wisely called by the sagacious ancients, the healing god, for his rays send a summer feeling to the heart, which is a wonderful medicine in the maladies of the mind, and no where is his reign so perfect as in the Italian skies. The Americans were now making ready for their departure for Venice. One of the gentlemen was a brother to Miranda, a merchant much older than herself; he had sent a ship to Smyrna and ordered her to come to Venice to take him and his party to the United States. The time had now nearly arrived when she might be expected, and they were anxious not to keep her waiting when she did arrive. The Major understanding this, provided them with suitable conveyance to that city, and proposed to accompany them himself, which proposition was hailed as a new proof of his kindness. He left his African in his house, and took an Italian servant. The journey was taken with leisure, as is common in that country, not as in England or the United States, with all the fury of Jehu. They were beguiled of the tediousness of the way by free conversation. Still careful of speaking of French politics, for Gonsalvi intimated to the Major that every servant in Rome was a French spy. They reached Venice without accident, but the ship had not yet arrived; but within a week the Star Spangled Banner was seen floating on the breeze of Venice. On their arrival, they lost no time in examining the city. Venice offered much for curiosity, and something for instruction. The city makes a spirited appearance at a distance, it seems to have arisen from a sea of glass; the large buildings seem to have no foundation on earth. The city stands on numerous small islands, and every guide differed as to the precise number; they are said to be from sixty to one hundred and sixty eight. Some of the numerous canals are narrow, others are of a fine width. At this time Venice

was no longer a republic, but formed a part of the Austrian Territory; of course, the Major had every facility from the officers of government. The party often chartered a gondola for their excursions, but they did not like the slow-moving, mournful looking vessel; most of them being either painted black, or lined with black cloth. The bridges are of stone, and more numerous than the canals, there being between four and five hundred of each. The largest of these bridges is the Rialto; some of these bridges are quite small, raised from the walk only by a step or two. Miranda's brother turning suddenly round to point out some new wonder to her view, made a mis-step and fell, but instantly recovering himself, laughed off the accident. The officer smiling said, "it is fortunate for you that we are on a small bridge, for the Venetians have a proverb *"to fall on the Rialto, is the worst of omens"*; but probably that is only a glance at traffic, and has a covert meaning; but I forgot that I was talking to those who came from where the people are above all superstition." The good aunt looked confused, and Miranda let fall her veil, and the accident was not again mentioned.

They then visited the office where thousands in a state of abject want and wretchedness repair to see their ancestor's names incised in the golden book of nativity. This republic shows us the mutability of all things, said the Austrian officer; for more than thirteen hundred years this city has stood, and for more than seven hundred of it was a princess of the sea. Her armies and navies have made infidels tremble, and filled christendom with admiration; crowned heads were proud to rank among her nobles, and her aristocracy acknowledged no superiors on the globe; she raised her glory on trade, and fell by pride and folly. When her commercial resources were dried up, she consoled her-

self with what she had been, and forgot what she was. As her prosperity declined, her severity increased. In the name of republican justice she committed acts of the vilest despotism ; with the imbecility of tattered poverty she assumed the pride and meanness of liveried mercenaries. Once the highborn fair of Venice could not bear the slightest breath of suspicion, now no city in Italy is more lax in its morals. The traffic now of Venice does not equal one of the smallest seaports in the United States. These miserable Venetians have some relief twice a year ; when the Christmas carnival is celebrated, and on Ascension day, when they go through the frivolous ceremony of marrying the Adriatic. Your Republic, my dear friends, has not the same dangers to go through ; there was a time when you were fast verging to aristocracy, but the mass belonged to the middling classes of society, and they kept down the proud spirits that would tower above the rest, by the talismanic power of a ballot box. This power may be abused ; watch it with great care ; but let us leave this subject, or rather this side of it, and look at something that Venice may boast of. We have seen almost as many fine paintings here as in Rome ; her musicians are second to none for delicacy and cultivation. If operas are valuable, and they seem to amuse nations, she was the nursing mother of them ; she was also a patron of the fine arts, but she cannot put in any high claims for literary glory ; but it should not be forgotten that the Aldi—those illustrious patrons of learning, had a press here as early as 1459.”—The Austrian finding that he had been unconsciously making a long speech, apologized to his friends, observing that when on the subject of freedom, he was apt to be carried away, and added with a smile, “ it is seldom that one of his Imperial Majesty’s officers has an opportunity of touching upon such a subject.” The prudent Americans thought their

friend had somewhat forgot himself. He was overheard, and the Austrian Intendent who was in his secret, cautioned him the next day against such freedom of speech.

For several days they continued (after reading in the morning some passages of the history of Venice when in her glory) to pursue their observations. They were showed the house where the Moor had told his wondrous tales to the listening Desdemona. If they had some doubts of the correctness of the tradition, the house looked old enough to favor the belief. The Venetians do not like the tragedy of Othello. They say that the story is impossible, that the daughter of a Venetian senator should wed a Moor; but they cannot deny but that there is something of the same nature in their remote legends. The story is singular, but not impossible. It is not often that *a visage is seen in the mind*—but it sometimes so happens. The moral of the tragedy is good: it shows that unnatural and ill-sorted connections generally end in distrust or doubt.

As they passed the Rialto, they discovered that the Jews were obliged, even now, to wear a slip of red cloth in their caps, to designate them from other nations. If the Jews were obliged to do this now, in the humble state of this country, what degradations did not they suffer in the proud state of Venice! Then, they were only permitted to exist there; now, they pay no small part of the taxes of the city. "Oppression often increases as prosperity decreases; but, *sufferance, as the badge of all our tribe*," is nearly at an end in most parts of the globe.

The house was pointed out to them where Pierre, Jaffier, and the whole band of conspirators met for their arrangements—and there can be no question about the place of their execution. It is thought a stain almost, a crime to approach this place of torture and death; and the Venetians

now gaze with astonishment, and almost with horror, on foreigners who visit this spot. Some of the magnificates could not restrain their indignation when they saw the loveliest woman who ever trod the pavements of Venice—one who had attracted admiring crowds as she passed—go fearlessly where criminals had expiated their offences. As she returned, they saw no trait of sanguinary vengeance in her countenance: her face was as sweet as an angel's, and as reflective as the waters which gave them the image of their own peaceful dwellings. As Miranda walked the streets, the sculptors followed her for a model for a new Venus. On seeing her retire from this awful place so calm and placid, they thought she must be some saint who had come to take the sting from death—changing their minds as the people of Melita did, when St. Paul shook the viper from his hand.

The American ship had now reached Venice, and the party prepared to return to their native home; but they could not think of commencing their voyage until they had made some return to several gentlemen who had extended to them the courtesies of the city. A large party was invited to dine on board the ship. The entertainment was sumptuous, and the Venetian gentlemen were astonished to find such a banquet on ship-board. The captain of the American ship was a good caterer, and the owner a munificent merchant. To all the varieties that Venice could furnish, there were added all the fruits of the Archipelago, with preserved meats from the Western Continent, particularly boned turkies—a most delicious morsel which Venice had never known in the days of her Ducal power. The wine, which flowed in profusion, had been once round the globe, and was succeeded by that which had twice and thrice circumnavigated it. Water was offered them from every

famous spring in the four quarters of the world—and all, they were told by the merchant in a very modest tone, were brought by his own ships as they pursued their common voyages. Venice—imperial Venice—never had had a ship that had circumnavigated the globe, since her glory began. “This from the *New World*!” said they—“a world that did not commence its historical existence until after Venice had begun to decline!” The ladies retired to the city in a gondola, early in the evening, attended by the major and several gentlemen, who returned to the ship and continued the feast until a late hour. They had never seen an American ship of such size and comfort before; and seemed now unwilling to leave her. The Venetians and Americans parted with the best feelings, and with reciprocal promises of remembrance. The next day the ship sailed for Naples, and a most delightful voyage they had. The Austrian officer was still with them. They entered the Bay of Naples, which has been celebrated for more than three thousand years by all the master-poets of every age. It is in the form of a bowl—is thirty miles in circumference, and nearly eleven in diameter. They were all filled with unbelief when the merchant contended that it was not in beauty equal to the harbor of New York. He described the waters below and above the Narrows, and was eloquent upon the picturesque beauties of the East and North Rivers. The Austrian pored over the map with intense interest, listening to the merchant’s rhapsodies—and then, with a half-suppressed sigh, expressed a wish to see the country; but, recollecting himself, he turned to the ladies, and began an animated description of Naples—a city older than Rome, and nearly as renowned in history. Among other subjects of history, he amused them with the rise, progress, and downfall of Massaniello.



They found Naples a delightful city. If there were not so many palaces as in Rome, the houses occupied by the generality of the inhabitants were more comfortable; the streets, many of them, are wide, and kept cleaner than those in Rome. The curiosities of Naples took up the time of the travellers for several days, while the ship was taking in her Leghorns, marbles, and silks. At an auction of pictures—a rare event in Naples—for, whatever articles of this kind there are for sale, are sent off to England, or France, or the United States—in this sale the major found several pictures to his taste. He bought one for the matron. It was Dorcas administering food and raiment to the suffering poor, and medicine to the sick. The face of the philanthropist and saint had a striking resemblance to the aunt of Miranda, although it was taken three hundred years before she was born. The picture presented to Miranda, was Venus yoking her doves, and preparing her car for a flight to Cytheria. It was a chaste and finished picture, which seemed to have a tongue that spoke most eloquently; and until the very moment of bidding each other farewell, the matron expected that the accomplished Austrian would propose himself for her niece—but he said not a word of love; but, when he saw the signal given for sailing, the major approached the aunt, and taking her hand, raised it to his lips, and said, “God bless you for many years!” and then turning to Miranda with a pale countenance, and with more emotion than was usual for him to exhibit, said, “I hope to meet you in America: may every light of love and happiness shine on your pathway of life!” and then, kissing her hand, let fall a tear on it, and abruptly departed. He gazed from his window on the gallant ship as she was conveying his friends to their home. He felt that he had played his part well, and seemed almost sorry that he had continued it so long,

or had ever assumed it. He again raised the glass to his eye, and watched the ship until she sunk into the obscure distance. He retired early, but found no repose. His dreams were full of horror. In them he was walking the deck of the ship with Miranda, in solemn discourse, when the sea-gulls thickened around them, and uttered those cries which the mariners say are the forerunners of a storm, often of shipwreck and death itself. Miranda was frightened : the storm gathered fast : the ship, tempest-tost, was running on the rocks : she struck : he held his beloved one in his arms, and plunged with her into the waves to reach the shore—and at this moment awoke, and found it was a dream. The next day the major left Naples for Rome—not caring much which way he wandered. The ruins of cities no longer attracted his attention ; and even the sight of illumined manuscripts caught his eye only for a moment. The only scintillation of pleasure he found, was in studying the Italian tongue, and in reading the works of Petrarch in the original language. His mind was so gloomy, that he preferred the elegy upon Laura to all the sonnets of the lover. He made several translations of this exquisite production, which had been written in all the meltings of love—purified, and consecrated by the death of the object. Looking at his own translations, he would turn to those made by Sir William Jones, who was formed by nature and education, and taste, to transfer the beauties of one language to another, in all the plaintive melodies of love. The major gave various versions to that passage from the elegy which Sir William Jones has rendered in the English language as follows :—

“ Hard fate of man, on whom the heavens bestow  
A drop of pleasure for a sea of wo !  
Ah ! life of care, in fears or hopes consum'd !  
Vain hopes, that wither 'ere they well have bloom'd !

How oft, emerging from the shades of night,  
 Laughs the gay morn, and spreads a purple light !  
 But soon the gathering clouds o'ershade the skies—  
 Red lightnings play—and thundering storms arise !  
 How oft a day, that fair and mild appears,  
 Grows dark with fate, and mars the toil of years !”

This part of the elegy was selected as suited to his own case—for the elegy contains verses of greater beauty than these. The address of the shade of Laura is full of surpassing tenderness.

The Cardinal Gonzalvi was truly the friend of the major, and, finding out his history, advised him to throw aside the effeminate Petrarch, and seize more epic matter. “To divert your mind for the present,” said this great dignitary of the church, “take the Jewish scriptures in your hand, and travel through Palestine, and see how the prophecies have been fulfilled. It is a subject worthy of a philosopher and a poet, as well as of a christian. Pass into Egypt : measure the pyramids—open the catacombs, and read the hieroglyphics—and not whine in the shade, in the prime of manhood, over a woman’s love. Nothing so idle and inglorious as to waste a life that might be useful to mankind, in moaning over a disappointment of the heart. One of your own poets—I beg pardon,” said the cardinal, “for I cannot separate the American from the English nation—has expressed himself better on this subject than any poet or philosopher, ancient or modern, I have ever known :—

‘ But, can the noble mind for ever brood  
 (The willing victim of a weary mood)  
 On heartless cares that squander life away,  
 And cloud young Genius bright’ning into day ?  
 Shame to the coward thought, that e’er betray’d  
 The noon of manhood to a myrtle shade !  
 If Hope’s creative spirit cannot raise  
 One trophy sacred to thy future days,  
 Scorn the dull crowd that haunt the gloomy shrine  
 Of hapless love, to murmur and repine !”

In a few days the lover set out upon his journey. He first visited the Islands of the Archipelago. He then visited Athens. He viewed all the curiosities of the country—which, in its present form, was nothing. Athens was only a village ; but, however disappointed at this, he was determined to call up the history of past ages. It was a mighty and a mournful task—but he could not leave Athens until it was performed. Who could visit Mar's Hill without thinking of the Areopagi, and all the wise decisions of that wonderful judicial body ? Here, too, he looked down on the forum, where the great orators flourished. In one of those delightful nights which are found in that climate, he awoke in the memory of history, the songs of Sappho—the thunders of Demosthenes—and the sweet outpourings of Plato. The reign of despotism was now resting on the land ; but the resentment of oppressed pride and indignant resolution seemed at that hour kindling up among them, and would soon be bursting into a flame. It was indeed painful to see the calm of despotism reigning over this country of ultra freedom and unbounded renown. The air was as clear as ever breathed around the head of Socrates, when he all night long gazed on the heavens and drew inspirations from the light which poured upon his head : but there was no Socrates here now, nor even an Alcibiades, to delight the people with splendor, or amuse them with his eccentricities.

The history of Athens was more than her antiquities. Some parts of the Parthenon remained ; but every wealthy depredator was allowed to plunder, as he could pay. If, now and then, an old Greek felt the insult, the Turks (their masters) had the pay, and all were silent. The Illysus, which had so often flowed in song, or in the mind of the classic traveller, he found a little, dry, rocky chasm, in which it was difficult to get water enough to slake his thirst.

Still, he found there was a strong presentiment prevailing, that Greece would soon be free. The Greeks were fully impressed with the sentiment, that Christendom would not much longer suffer them to be trampled upon by Moslem power. There was a settled melancholy in the countenances of the people of Athens, which spoke a volume of sufferings.

From this land of story he passed to Constantinople, to hail the minarets and towers of that memorable city.—Here he expected to find a world of wonders in things that exist, and a greater one in the memory of the things that have passed. Could this dull city be the once famous house of wisdom, from which fled the scholars who enlightened all Europe in the fifteenth century? But, as he examined the city, he found more to attract attention than he first thought there was. The pure water which every family has at the public expense, was no small affair—and the inhabitants were better educated than he supposed they were. Most of the Turks could read the Koran, and many of them were good readers; but, after all, he could not see any thing of liberty, though all seemed to do as they chose. There is a dreadful stillness in the air in which despotism reigns, which seems to throw a sad palsy over human actions. He could not conveniently take the rout marked out to him by Gonsalvi, as some disturbances were known to exist in Egypt—and therefore he had taken this course. After amusing himself in angling in the Bosphorus, and eating some of the delicious fish Lucullus loved so well, he directed his course to Moskow. He was delighted with this wonder of the world: he considered it a sort of union of the natural luxuries of the East, and the artificial comforts of the North. The gardens abounded with flowers and fruits in great profusion, and the houses were prepared to keep off every blast of winter.

If the traveller was astonished at Russia, he was more surprised and delighted with Persia. From what he could understand—and he had access to the learned—they were a well-educated people. The females were well read in the history and tales of the country, and many of them had attained the art of an elegant chirography. This branch of education was in a higher state, he found, than in any country he ever visited. Persia is the garden of the world—and the major being an agriculturist, florist, and deeply skilled in engrafting, budding, and all the mysteries of Pomona, took great delight in this branch of study. Soon as the Prince of Persia found that he was a lover of nature, and devoted to flowers and fruits, he gave orders for the opening all the royal gardens to the stranger, and ordered all his gardeners and botanists to offer to him every assistance in their power. Through the medium of the French and Latin languages they carried on a free intercourse. Nature had done much for the growth of all sorts of vegetables, flowers, and forest trees; but, neither in Italy, in Naples, Florence, or Rome, had he ever seen such fine gardens, as in Persia. The muse of the country had consecrated the different flowers with some sweet touch of poetry, and had embalmed many of the beautiful productions of nature, which Flora herself had lost. The mandrake here had now the same cabalistic character which it bore in the days of the patriarch, and was used now as Rachel considered it in the primitive ages. The language of flowers was well understood, and even now used in love. The major amused himself in this diversion, and some of his female friends thought that he was practising in the science—not learning. The nymphs of Persia he found larger than those of the ponds of his native land, and of a higher fragrance. He amused himself every morning in collecting them from their beds, and examining

the different kinds ; and he began seriously to doubt if they were indigenous in his native land—but had, in the course of three thousand years, travelled from Persia with the peach, the apricot, the pink, and the melon, from country to country, through Europe, until they crossed the Atlantic with the early colonists of America. In his conversations with the great gardeners, he found they had not as yet cultivated the asparagus or the potatoe—and he put them in the way to get them at once. He gave them a history of the articles, and astonished them by conjecturing the quantity of the latter article yearly raised in the United States, for the use of man, and the cattle and swine. All these Asiatic countries have a dislike to swine—from the circumstance that such obese animals are unwholesome in a warm climate. He selected as many sorts of flower seeds as he had not seen in any other country, and had them carefully preserved.

On returning to Constantinople, he found an American vessel sailing for Naples. He embarked for that city, which he reached in safety. Here he found several letters from England. His American friends had heard nothing from him, and knew not where he was, until after his departure to the Holy Land. At Naples, an American ship-master gave him some papers from his native State—which he packed up, to read more at leisure when he reached Rome.

One morning before his usual time to take a walk, he took up the Centinal, a paper of his native state, his eye fell on an obituary notice of Miranda Falmouth. The paper fell from his hands, and it was many hours before he ventured to take another look at it ; when he made an effort to read the article, it stated, that she had died of a rapid consumption, arising from a cold caught in a storm at sea, as she was approaching the American coast. The writer spoke of her

beauty and elegance, and of her high mindedness and moral worth ; stated that she bore her sickness with christian fortitude, expressing no anxiety for life, no regrets at her premature death, which she felt was near, several weeks previous to her death. The writer glanced at some affair of the heart, but so obscenely that no stranger could conjecture the meaning of the sentence. In a paper of the same file, he found a partial account of his own wanderings. It must have been from Clem. who had permission to return to the United States, when the Major left Rome to go on his travels. A fever and delirium followed this shock, from which he slowly recovered, under the care of the best physicians ; the medical friends of the Cardinal were in attendance ; amusement rather than medicine was resorted to for his recovery. The softest music was heard from a distant room, and the finest flowers were sent him glistening with morning dew. Exquisite paintings were brought for him to examine. The mind of the sufferer became tranquil, and his fever passed away. As he was recovering, he received a package of letters from a friend in the United States, addressed to Major Carter ; they had been by some accident long in coming ; the writer had been made acquainted with his adventures by Clem. He also added that Miranda had been informed of all the circumstances of his wanderings from the same source, and found that her Austrian admirer was her discarded lover, Thomas C. Hampton. She was ill when Clem. arrived but she sent for him ; she made him recount minutely all the causes of the assumption of the Austrian uniform, dark wig, and colored whiskers. From day to day, Clem. continued the narrative, and she was amused, and a slight angelic smile at times, played around her face, and the faithful servant seemed to think that he was engaged in the holy work of showing his master's heart. When he left the room, he



thought that the Major might now come back again, for he was quite sure that the young lady would not drive him away again. It did escape from her lips, to the ear of a female friend, while Clem. was telling his long story, "if he were to assume as many forms as Proteus, he would win my heart in every one of them." The Major's friend conjured him to hasten home to secure his own happiness, and that of his friends; but added that it was his duty to state, that the physicians thought Miranda very sick.

Comparing the date of the letters with that of the notice of Miranda's death, he found she had lived three months after this opinion was given. "She is dead," said the broken-hearted lover, "and died without being another's." It may be called selfish, it is selfish, to draw any consolation from thinking that that which heaven has denied us, was never possessed by another; but, nevertheless, it is natural to every mind, unless sublimated by the graces of an ardent piety.

The Major now left his room with composure, and sought in all the studies of the artists for a model of a monument to Miranda. At length he found one to suit him, it was the monument Octavia erected to the memory of her daughter. On it was sculptured, Grief attempting to preserve a lilly, by pressing it between the leaves of a manuscript, on which History was inscribing the passing events of the world. He watched the artist in every stage of the work, he was the immortal Canova. This transcendent genius had read the Major's whole soul, and felt a strong sympathy for him, for he too had suffered in his youth, from the pangs of love, which was disturbed in its course by the merciless hand of aristocratic pride. On the disappointment he redoubles his assiduity to his profession, and made himself the master sculptor of the world. Enamored with the beauties of nature, it

carried him directly to nature's God, and he was as remarkable for his piety as for his genius.

Only one word was found on the monument, it was MIRANDA. When the artist had given the last touch to his work, the traveller prepared to return home with his charge, now dearer to him than all living things. In sixty days he reached the iron-bound coast of New-England; the monument was placed in a cemetery long since thickly peopled with the congregation of the dead. It had been a favorite walk of Miranda, and sometimes they had mused over the monuments together. It may seem singular to those who think but little about the sources of their pains and pleasures that a grave-yard should be a lover's walk; but it is often made such. There is something of a melancholy tinge in pure affection, which many have felt, but cannot describe; even if the current runs smoothly. This melancholy is perhaps the offspring of that solemn certainty of a coming separation by death, while the uncertainty of the world beyond the grave comes sweeping over the mind, and crowds it with hopes and fears so intensely, that we lose that calmness and self-possession which are necessary in making a philosophical analysis of our feelings. Our unwillingness to be forgotten, is plainly felt in the pleasure we derive in perusing the epitaphs of others.

The former friends of Major Hampton now gathered around him, and urged him to political life; they offered him a seat in the State Legislature, but he would not listen to these proposals. He reasoned incorrectly; the pathway of politics is the grave of love, and almost every affection. If he wished to have been cured, he should have entered in the bustle of political life. For some months he seemed to find relief in making, returning, and receiving social visits, and in looking over the record of events that had transpired

since his departure ; but still, there was a sickness at his heart, which, if some friend did not come in, he attempted to remove by an extra glass of Madeira—when the decanter grew low, he had it replenished. He was a man of leisure, and in this busy community, such a one has many heavy hours on his hands, which he could not fill up with subjects of taste or amusement. The Major disliked fishing or shooting, and from early life had taken up a fixed determination against all games of chance. Conversation was his passion ; but this of a high intellectual order was, even in the enlightened society in which he lived, difficult, at all times to obtain. There are but few, in any society, who are sufficiently affluent in intellectual wealth, to pour their riches in golden showers of eloquence so lavishly as Hampton wished to enjoy. A lover of conversation, next to an eloquent talker, loves a patient listener. If he could not find a talker, he looked after a listener, and with him he was satisfied. He loved admiration, whether expressed in looks or words. His table was always hospitable, and many gentlemen of high standing were found there ; but when he could not obtain them, he took those of inferior grades, and sometimes those whose characters he had not carefully inspected ; and if, perchance, some one of his best friends stepped in, he was offended by finding himself in company with those whom he did not wish to associate with. As the better sort drew off, the other associates increased, until he was told that many of his best friends refused to come to his table, because they did not know who might be there. This chafed him, and he would sometimes complain most bitterly of neglect. Such was the urbanity of his manners, and munificence of his charities, that the public strove to put the best construction they could upon his conduct. After it was found he was sinking into habits of great indulgence, many efforts were

made to redeem him. Some of his old friends would propose short excursions into the country, as they knew that he was fond of riding, and drank the best of liquors, and could drink no others, they continued to pass through obscure towns, where nothing but the vilest liquors could be obtained, in order to cure him of the habit; but it was of no avail, for when he reached a place where the luxuries of life abounded, he amply made up for his privations. It was seen by every one that his nerves were now shattered, and that his mind had lost some of its buoyancy, if not its strength. He was unwilling to sleep in a room alone, and often urged his travelling companion to share his apartment with him. At times he would start from his slumbers in the dead of night, the cold sweat standing on his brow, and every limb trembling with fear. At such moments he would relate the night-mare-dreams of his soul. Sometimes he was quarrelling with the shade of his father, and uttering blasphemy before his sainted mother, or he was driven to the worst of crimes. Sometimes he almost believed he had perpetrated some horrid deed, and would call on his friends to protect him. At other times he was floating down the dance with some smiling beauty, radiant in all her charms; and instantly she would turn to a death's head, and grin in his face, whilst her lovely form would become a heap of dust and ashes at his feet. Not unfrequently he was hurled by countless furies from a lofty precipice, or bidden to take a fearful leap over some yawning chasm. The grave-yard, the charnel house, the shrouded corse, would haunt his eye, and the shrieks of those in torments, torture his ear.

Even after he had spoken, seemingly awake, awful visions would swim before his eyes. In this state of mind he would drink large quantities of brandy to steep his senses in oblivion. This at some times, no doubt, gave him relief, but in

the end was sure to increase the evil. This intemperance was not only injurious to his health of body and mind, but had also a deleterious effect on his affections. His memory suffered a sad decay, and he lost all interest in books, except those of course humor, and vulgar satire. Over such productions he revelled, and shook his sides with a half idiot laugh. The things he drew from his memory, resembled the threads and patches of a once splendid wardrobe, mouldy by damps, and eaten by moths, good for nothing but to show that it had once been rich, and now mocked its possessor. He who was once the soul of honor, who would not have suffered a shade to sully the fair fame of an absent friend, would now sit whole hours in listening to slanders which he knew to be false. Perhaps this arose from his wish to bring others to his own level. He became suspicious of all his former friends, and imagined that they all had conspired against him. Knowing his change of disposition and his sad habits, his former acquaintances no doubt, *did* shun him whenever they could ; but if he met one of them accidentally, he would speak of his situation with the most bitter anguish ; when any one ventured to suggest a reformation, he would say with a sigh, " it is too late."

" Man, but a rush against Othello's breast,  
And he retires."

He had for several years deserted his own house, and taking his chaise, rode from town to town, spending a short time in each place ; the length of his visit depending very much on the temper and forbearance of his landlord. New faces and scenery gave him some slight relief, but he never thought of a permanent cure. The sight of a pleasant stream, as he rode along, would induce him to stop and bathe his burning temples, which would bring his mind to some natural

tone again ; but the waters of the brook or the breeze of the hill, were only momentary medicines for his incurable diseases of mind and body. Such, however, was the strength of his constitution, that, to the astonishment of every one, he lived more than seven years in this state of inebriation.—Towards the last of his days, he became exceedingly apprehensive of spontaneous combustion, and would not suffer a candle or lamp to be brought near him. Some of the wretches who were his companions, would throw him into agonies for their amusement, by alluding to some wonderful case of spontaneous combustion. This once clear-headed and firm philosopher, became miserably superstitious. He heard death ticks in his bed at midnight, and if a grass-hopper at noon day snapped his wings he thought it the prognostic of his funeral knell ; the voice of a tree-toad seemed a har-binger of mishap, and the howl of a dog was to him terrific. In the autumn and winter evenings he would crouch near the fire to hear the foolish tales of witches, and their wonderful feats, in olden times ; and often these ridiculous stories would blanch that cheek, which had kept its color amid the heat of battle, when dashing through the hostile squadrons. When the morning sun arose he felt ashamed of his fears, and would attempt to laugh off his credulity, with the young folks who had listened with him to the stories ; but it would not do, the impressions they received in the evening, of his belief in these supernatural agencies, were not to be removed by a facetious tale told in the morning, evidently from mortification at having exposed himself.—Fear is often a creature of a diseased mind and body. If intemperance sometimes produces rash acts, it more commonly produces mental and corporal imbecility. Had Alexander of Macedon been as many years a drunkard, he would have been as cowardly. Intemperance is a monster

that first came to soothe, then to violate its victim ; and then to deliver him to scorn, and to infamy, and afterwards to set malevolence to write his epitaph.

The seventh dreary year had passed away since Major Hampton had been, in a good measure, driven from the abodes of men ; and spring had arrived in all her loveliness, filling the fields with flowers, and the air with perfumes, ere he ventured to appear abroad to inhale an invigorating breath. At this time an old friend, who had never entirely given him up, sent word that she should be happy to see him either in their native town or elsewhere he would name.— In this good woman's and relatives breast, there lingered a hope that she could save him, if she could prevail upon him to make her house his place of abode. He had lived with her when he was young, and she had then great influence over him. Her letter was pressing, and affectionate, and it touched his heart more than any thing had done for a long time. He braced himself up for this short visit, and returned an answer that he would be with her in a few days. He refrained for several days from indulging in his usual potations ; took under the direction of his physician, warm and cold baths, and fed frequently on broth, and drank arrow-root. He dressed himself with great care, and his physician began to think that some miraculous change was to be effected. On a fine morning in June he stepped into his chaise to commence his short journey. He shook hands with those around him, and bade them adieu with the most natural smile his face had worn for years ; some of his friends had advised him to take a driver ; this he declined, and proceeded on his way alone. The horse was high spirited, and had been but little used for months. In descending a hill the speed of his horse increased, and in striving hard to stop him he fainted, and was thrown with great violence to the ground.

His head struck on the hard gravel of a turnpike road, and so severely injured the vertebræ of his neck that he died in thirty-six hours after the accident. The best surgical skill was called to his aid, but he was beyond surgery. Death had thrown his dart at him, in the only moment that he had seen his victim entirely sober for many years. It was fiercely, but compassionately done. His corpse was brought to his native town to receive the funeral obsequies. His death lost as he was, spread a gloom over the city. He had been a great favorite, and each one said with a sigh, "he was an enemy only to himself." This observation is often made in kindness, but it is absolutely untrue. He who is an enemy to himself, is, by his baleful example, and by the loss of himself as a member of that community, which by his exertions and talents he might have benefitted and adorned, *an enemy to society*.

The funeral of Thomas C. Hampton, Esq. was numerously attended by a portion of all classes of people in the town. Men of high standing, of his own age, bore his pall. The connections were but few, but the mourners were numerous. It was known that he had left large legacies for charitable purposes. Among other bequests, was one for the maintenance of a *High School for Females*. The young ladies of this, and other schools, were invited to attend his funeral. They formed a long procession, each dressed in white, carrying a bunch of flowers in their hands. The hearse reached the cemetery; the grave being near one of the gates of the city of the dead. The coffin shining with armorial bearings, emblazoned in pictures of silver, was lowered into the grave, and the sexton, according to custom, threw a few shovels full of gravel and stones upon it,—Good God! how distressing is that sound! The procession then passed on, and each one looking into the narrow house appointed for all



the living, breathed a deep sigh over the ashes of a man born with talents to advance, and to illumine society. One educated in the first schools of the age; who gave promises which he never fulfilled, and awakened hopes that were never realized.

The procession of the maidens, passing the new made grave, repaired to the monument of Miranda, and standing around it, sung a solemn dirge, written by one of her female friends, to her memory. The flowers were then strewed on the ground, and over the monument, and they proceeded in silence to leave the cemetery at another gate.

While the young ladies were performing these ceremonies, the great mass of the spectators were as motionless and silent as those beneath their feet. The soldiers, for the Major was buried with military honors, stood with arms reversed until the close of the dirge, and the procession of females was out of sight, they then paid the usual honor to a brave man, who once had taught *them* the art of war.

I *had* been his bosom friend, but we had been estranged for several years; for there is nothing more difficult to bear than the waywardness and caprices of an inebriate man, who expects every thing from friendship, and will not make one sacrifice himself. We had been more than common friends. We had travelled long journeys, and spent Attic nights together. We had together been on more than Alpine heights and seen the gates of the morning open, and the glorious sun shine from the bosom of the Atlantic wave. From the same heights we had with *stiles e'epic* aid watched the changes of the moon, and marked the courses of the stars, and devoutly thought that we saw in the heavens, the God who made them. We had together raked the ashes in the urns of departed ages, for gems which might be found there; and by the power which God has given to the living over the dead

we called up the shades of the prophets of old to explain their records; and the historians, orators, and statesmen, to throw light on the pathway of Time. From the twilight of the past, we looked forward to the coming years. The remembrance of these hours at one moment, froze my soul to stone, and then melted it like wax before the sun. In this agony from my

"Subdued eyes,  
Albeit unused to the melting mood,  
Drop'd tears as fast as the Arabian trees  
Their medicinal gum."

It was not so much that one of my earliest friends was *dead*; this is a common evil; but in the cause of *his* death there was a delirious anguish that nothing could assuage. He had none of those excuses so often given for the follies and crimes of intemperance. Poverty, with her numerous brood of evils, never entered his doors. No harpy of the law, had ever torn the pillow from under the head of the partner of his bosom. No child had cried to him in vain for bread. No, his cradle was hung on golden hinges, and canopied with silk; and even his hearse was ornamented with the nodding plumes of hereditary pride. When he found himself hastening to the precipice which overhung the gulf of perdition, he made no struggle to arrest his fall; but slid onward as one under the influence of the Circean cup, still conscious of the certainty of destruction. I know not how long I might have remained in painful contemplation by the grave of my once loved friend, if I had not been reminded by those artists of the spade and mattox, and the professors of the rites of the sepulchre, that their work was finished, and the gates of the cemetery would soon be closed, and I should be left in darkness with the dead.

It was many weeks before I recovered from the shock inflicted by this scene, and many years elapsed before I ventured to record this melancholy tale ; and it was written at last with a bleeding heart, and a reluctant hand, sustained only by a sense of duty.



## THE INFIDEL RECLAIMED.

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"Go, and fathom the deep fountains of your own mind, and find the God who poured them forth. Follow next the illumined vapors of another's reason: but take the *divinity that stirs within you*, to select the best guides—and choose the safest paths."

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In a new town in the interior of our country, which was in a prosperous state, and where all ages attended church every Sabbath, rain or shine, there lived a family by the name of THORNTON. The head of the family had been a seafaring man, and had taken a decided part in the Revolutionary conflict, both by sea and land; but, having a large family of sons, he had come into the country to make them farmers, and to keep them from following his own profession, in which he had been distinguished, but did not love. He was anxious to give his children a good education—but this was no easy affair in a thinly settled country. His wife was a woman of superior mind and great moral virtue. The husband was impetuous and irascible, but of elevated and refined feelings. The captain had often undertaken to instruct his children, but had not patience enough to sustain the task for any length of time. He had made some attempts to get a school-master in his family—but this was no easy matter, as his boys were much more advanced in their studies than most other children in the interior: but, a lucky chance soon procured for his family a teacher of the right stamp,

George Thornton, the fifth son, then just past his twelfth year, on a Sunday noon was eating his dinner in the church-yard, (as was the custom with boys who had come several miles in the morning to meeting,) under the shade of some flourishing tree, when an aged man, with a miserable-looking horse, dismounted in the highway, and, opening the gate of the yard, led in his pony, to feed upon the grass growing most luxuriantly over the graves of the primitive fathers of the village. The lad gazed on the venerable-looking stranger, and the thought struck him that the rider might be as hungry as the horse: he approached the gentleman, (seated in the shade of a neighboring tree,) and proffered a part of his cold roasted chicken and broiled sausages. It was done with so much sincerity, that the stranger thanked the lad, and freely partook of his fare. The old man questioned him on the number and grades of the schools in the town. His answers surprised the stranger. The one was minute in his inquiries, and the other as accurate as he was able to be in his answers. The language of the old man was so pure and elegant, that the lad thought he had found the greatest scholar of the age—and he was not far from being right in this conjecture. The conversation closed between them, as the people hastened into church: the lad, having invited the stranger to visit his father's house, four miles distant, and getting the old man's promise that he would be there to tea, he left him, as he would not accept of an invitation to hear the sermon. This promise was fulfilled: the lad having made his mother acquainted with the interview before they left the church, the family were prepared to receive the stranger. The boys saw him coming on his Rozinante, and were ready to smile, and said to each other, "This is one of our George's adventures." George stood at the gate, ready to receive his

guest. As he approached the house, the lad said to the stranger, "By what name, sir, shall I introduce you to my mother?" "My name you may say is Donald McDonald, from Scotland." This was sufficient: by that name he was introduced to Mrs. Thornton and the young gentlemen, and to Captain Thornton when he came home: he had taken a circuitous route from church, to see a sick friend. As soon as George had made his new friend acquainted with the family, he looked after Dobbin, and, with rather a frolicsome cast of the eye, he enquired of the stranger if his horse was *breechy*; if he was, he would put him into the stable—if not, into the pasture. "Let him go into the pasture," said the old gentleman; "he is sober, and has been cured long since of all propensity to dash over brooks or fences." On his return from the pasture, George found his father and the stranger in earnest conversation upon Edinburgh—which city had been visited by the captain, in some of his voyages. The powers of the stranger seemed every moment to develop themselves to the delight of the family. His acquaintance with every period of history was to the young gentlemen quite astonishing; and of this, they were in some respects good judges. George did not dare, in presence of his mother, mention the classics; she had so often cautioned him not to become too proud on account of his progress in them; but, in a short walk with the stranger in the gray of the evening, he ventured to make some allusion to a line in Virgil: this was caught by the scholar with enthusiasm, and he quoted the following line in the *Bucalies*, and poured out his remarks as if he had found a pupil. The next morning, Captain Thornton—for he was a direct business man—at the request of his wife and children, invited Mr. McDonald to spend some time with them, to superintend the education of his children—making him such an offer for compensation

as he could afford. This was readily accepted: all was arranged—and Donald McDonald entered on his duties. The young gentlemen called him “Professor”—as the shortest and most respectful title they could think of. The pupils were required to work on the farm four hours a day, and the remainder of the time they could devote to the school. The professor was full of high spirits, and began with his pupils on a new system. They were his enthusiastic admirers, and did every thing to make him happy. Many of his lessons were given in the pasture grounds or in the woods. He gave practical lessons in surveying, without any parade. One of the boys was quite an ingenious mechanic—and the professor and this pupil, with the assistance of the neighboring blacksmith and joiner, manufactured a pretty good chemical apparatus, and the professor gave lessons whenever he could get materials for his experiments. When the labors of the day were over, and on the coming on of twilight, then commenced the examination of the pupils in history and biography—for the teacher insisted that these branches were necessarily to be studied together. They commenced on Greek history, from the introduction of letters by Cadmus, and came down to the present time—going back to Egypt and the far East, whence it was necessary to trace the origin of customs or languages. The portion of history next to be discussed was then marked, in order that his pupils should be in some measure prepared. The great eras were dwelt upon with care, and the general state of the world at those periods given. Battles, merely as such, were of no great account in the professor’s mind, and were not dwelt upon, unless they had produced a great effect on the world. Marathon, Salamis, and Platea—which saved the liberties of Greece, that she might become the instructor of nations—were read with enthusiasm, and every



distinguished person who fought in them traced out with admiration. High above the rest would he place him who had fought in all three battles—the father of tragedy, the mighty *Æschylus*; and, while he rushed into the midst of the fight, he thundered out the epic lines of the bard, as if his mantle had fallen on him. From age to age would he pass, pouring out the tide of eloquence. It was readily to be seen that he was a lover of liberty—and, from what he would necessarily let fall, it was thought by his pupils, and particularly by their sagacious mother, that he must have suffered deeply in the cause of freedom; but, no enquiries were ever pushed—every one around him had so high a respect for his feelings. It was often remarked, that while on English history, he avoided saying any thing of the administration of the great man then at the helm of state in Great Britain—William Pitt,—although Captain Thornton would sometimes praise him as a man of exalted talents. Of the French Revolution he never spoke. It was believed that circumstances connected with that event were heavy on his mind.

In a cool afternoon he would take his pupils into the fields and woods to botanize—beginning his peripatetic lecture on the dandelion, or some other common flower, and ending on some majestic tree of the forest. He taught his pupils to engraft and to bud, and led them at once into the art and science of both the garden and the field. He laid it down as a fundamental rule in the education of a young American gentleman, that he should be thoroughly acquainted with the history of his own country; and for this purpose he studied American history again himself, in order that he might show the wonderful birth and growth of the country. He expatiated upon the state of Christendom at the time the early settlements were made; analyzed the moral and men.

tal character of the adventurers, and showed the natural advancement of their prosperity, from the means they possessed and the course they pursued. Their virtues, their errors, and mistakes, were all pointed out with discrimination and candor. He would at times astonish Captain Thornton, by correcting some error in the statement given by historians of certain events which that officer had a perfect knowledge of, being himself engaged in the affair. The civil as well as political history of the United States was familiar to him as that of antiquity, in which he was quite at home. To give strength and tone to voice, he made his pupils declaim in the pastures and in the woods. He preferred to have his scholars select translations from Demosthenes for declamation, rather than from Cicero, while they were more fond of the latter. He laid it down as a rule, that a member of a republic should be instructed to use, as occasion might require, his tongue—his pen—or sword—but, above all, his tongue,—for it takes the longer discipline to make that member do its duty than the others. Thus, the circle was going on harmoniously; the pupils were more rapidly advancing in their studies than those of any other school. The preceptor of a neighboring academy, with a wretched education but of great pretensions, began to feel mortified that the difference between his pupils and the professor's was noticed by the sagacious people in the vicinity. One incident made the preceptor outrageous:—The court was in session in the town when the academy was established; and, on the trial of a land title, the accuracy of a former survey was called in question—and the court appointed the preceptor to make a new survey. This was more inaccurate than the former—and new difficulties arose. The court now sent for the professor, and appointed him surveyor. On his arrival, he stated that he, hearing of the dispute, had

sent his pupil, George Thornton, not fourteen years of age who had surveyed the ground, and found out the mistake in the calculations of the former surveyor—not mentioning the preceptor by name. The lad was called, and swore to the accuracy of his survey—and the professor confirmed his statements. The chief justice looked at the calculations, and intimated the probabilities of the causes of the former errors, and told the jury that this latter survey was right. This was a severe blow to the popularity of the mushroom institution. Those who established it were deeply wounded, and the preceptor enraged. To make his degradation more perfect, the counsel opposed to his survey, called him on the stand and examined him, putting such questions as the lad suggested—which soon ended in the confusion of the popular preceptor. This was truly an unfortunate affair for the Thornton family—for they soon heard whispers thrown abroad, that the professor was a philosopher of the French school; and it was thought had assisted Thomas Paine to write his *Age of Reason*. The clergyman of the town in which the academy was situated, now recollected that he had never heard him say a word in commendation of his doctrinal sermons, but had heard him speak of the classical taste shown in the writings of a neighbor of the pulpit, whose reputation had been so great as to annoy him. A deputation of the church soon arrived to visit Mrs. Thornton, who was a bright and shining light in that body, to enquire into the truth of these rumors. She received them civilly, but answered them firmly. She said, that “she had never questioned the professor on his religious creed—for that part of her children’s education she should, while they were under her roof, retain to herself. His conduct had been highly moral and exemplary while he lived with them, and no inquisition should set upon his heresy. He was a moral agent, and

had a right to think for himself. She believed that her sons would have cause to remember him for good as long as they lived. We have," added she, "in years past, made every struggle to educate our children; it is all the fortune we can give them. We have sent them, at great expense, to these academies, and have been entirely dissatisfied: we now have had this learned, moral man in our house for eighteen months only, and I am a sufficient judge of their improvement to say, that a life-time spent in our academies, such as rise up in every village, would not be equal to the instruction this good man has imparted to my children in this time." This self-constituted committee declared that she would have to answer here and hereafter, if she kept a free-thinker in her house, to poison the morals of her children, and as an evil example in the household of the faithful. These arguments did not shake the constancy of Mrs. Thornton; and the committee repaired to her own church, and called a meeting, of which the pious woman had notice. She would have no other person attend her, but her young son George. The charge of fostering infidelity was again urged against her. This she denied—for she knew nothing of the professor's creed. George declared, that while he had been under the care of the great Scotchman, he never suspected his infidelity. The church dismissed the charge, with no gentle reprimand to their brethren of another church, for their watchfulness and anxiety to keep them from error.

These wounded patrons of learning, and guardians of religious opinions, followed up these attacks by slanders, until they were brought before the court who tried the land cause. Donald McDonald did not wish to prosecute, but the high-tempered Captain Thornton insisted upon it, and brought the traducer to terms by a verdict. The charge of the chief justice was admirable; he developed the story

of the persecution and slanders so fully, that the jury gave heavy damages without delay. The professor made an exact account of his expenses—and, deducting them from his judgement, he paid the whole balance over to the trustees of the academy, in order, as he said, that good teachers might be procured for their institution.

The company of the professor was now courted by all the scholars far and near, and many offers were made him to leave the Thornton family, and take a classical school himself; but his uniform answer was—"Not until my boy George goes to college—nor then, so long as his mother has a child to educate, and wishes me to be his preceptor." Finding him fixed in his determination, they no longer discussed the subject. So much had the professor and his steed improved in appearance, that their identity could only be ascertained by those who had seen them frequently during the time they had lived with the Thorntons. The horse indeed gained faster than his master—for he had nothing to do but to recruit.

The professor had announced to Captain Thornton that he wished for books to commence a course of metaphysics and moral philosophy with his pupils. These were soon procured, and the professor began a course of lectures on these studies, and invited Captain Thornton and his lady to attend. They accepted of his invitation more readily, for they now expected to detect his creed—as in these courses of instruction it is difficult to keep from theological discussion; but the professor never committed himself—he kept them as distinct as possible. Towards the close of these lectures, a general invitation was given to the clergymen and other professional men in this and the neighboring towns, to come and hear the learned Theban. The auditors pronounced the lectures of great interest. On these lecture

days, Captain Thornton was thronged with company, and showed his hospitality without any stint. The professor retired as soon as he had closed his lecture, having determined never to enter into any dispute with any one.

While all things were going on prosperously, an event happened that threw misery and distress over the professor, and the whole family. In a fine afternoon, William, the third son of Mrs. Thornton, who had been instructed in civil engineering by the professor, a young gentleman of nearly seventeen years of age, proposed to his instructor and some visitors, to take the sail boat, and to make an excursion on the lake, which was within full view of Mr. Thornton's house. Having been a sailor, the Captain kept boats and fishing-tackle, for his own, and the amusement of his friends ; but so closely had his sons been confined to their studies that they had partaken sparingly of this amusement. The professor had when his pupils were in the field, often taken a small boat, and paddling to some fishing spot, caught a mess of pickerel or perch, for breakfast. He had taught the boys to strip a large elm tree after it had been cut down, from the butt to the utmost twig, by hitching the oxen to the loosened bark at the butt, and turning the whole inside out to the top. By stones tied to the lower end of the bark it would sink in the water, and then the top would make a shade at the bottom, where fish would bite at any hour of the day. The professor had been in his little boat, and brought home his basket full of fine fish, and had no great inclination to go out again, but William was importunate, and the old man consented to be one of the party. It was indeed a lovely day, and the surface of the lake was only agitated by a gentle breeze, sufficient only to take the boat two or three miles an hour. The Captain seldom entrusted the helm of his boat to any other hands than his own ; but he happening to

be engaged, thought his man, John, who was quite discreet in carrying sail, would answer to be steers-man on such a pleasant day. George was invited to join, but finding that his father was not to be with them, declined being one of the party. They took the boat in high spirits. A small boy at the landing, belonging to a neighboring town, was standing near, and begged to be permitted to have a sail; to this William consented, and they left the shore with him. For several hours they were seen on the lake under easy sail; although near the distant mountain tops, the clouds had the appearance of a squall; but not for some hours to come. As the clouds thickened, Captain Thornton, who had kept up some of his sea-faring habits, hoisted his signal for the boat to come in, but not in season. The tornado came down the lake of a sudden, and bore a threatening aspect. William advised making towards a small island near them, and waiting until the danger had passed; but the man John, seeing the signal was hoisted for making the landing, did not readily accede to it; in this state of indecision, the boat was struck by a whirlwind sweep, and capsized. The Captain was looking through his spy-glass, and when the boat upset, he dropped down the glass, called some of his men and hastened to the lake, took small boats and came to the relief of the unfortunate boat's crew. Mrs. Thornton took up the glass, and clearly saw William assist the professor on to the bottom of the boat, and then some of the others. Her son then, which seemed to her mysterious, left the boat, swam a short distance from her, and seemed trying to assist some one; she saw him go down and rise no more. Her eye lost its light and she dropped the glass, and exclaimed, William is drowned! The domestics looked and saw those on the bottom of the boat taken off in safety. The horses were put to the wagon, and the dripping, distressed objects were

brought to the house. The Captain had joined those who had started to rescue the bodies of those who had sunk.—Numerous boats soon were spread on the lake for that purpose. These were increasing, for many had witnessed the scene. The good people soon took Captain Thornton to the house. It was a melancholy group. The professor was frantic; he tore his white hair, charged himself with being the cause of the whole catastrophe, for not taking William's advice in steering for the Island, as he recommended the man John to do; and also charged himself with having intimated that the boy should be taken into the boat. It was in attempting to save that boy, he exclaimed, that William lost his life. The old gentleman was conveyed to bed in a state of delirium. One neighbor came in after another, and the house was filled with lamentations. The darkness stole over them; when George thinking that darkness and despair were often connected in poetry, and perhaps in philosophy, ran and lighted the candles, and placed them on the table. It had at once an effect on the utterance of their grief, if it did not assuage their anguish. Capt. Thornton had thrown himself into a great chair, and was silent; his eye was sunless and vacant; his lips were close as if he were struggling with corporal pain. He was the picture of a sea commander, who had been overpowered with superior force, and was attempting to bear up under his misfortune, but found his moral courage not equal to his corporal bravery. There was a tear in the mother's eye, but she uttered no groan, or made any complaint; once in a while a text of scripture was on her lips—such as "*the Lord gave, the Lord has taken away, blessed is the name of the Lord.*" She called George, and went into the professor's room, and administered to him an anodyne, for he was in spasms. She cast her eye toward the lake and it was a sea of fire; immediate.



ly a roar of thunder was heard over the waters, passing to the gaps of the mountains, and after numerous reverberations, returning with awful echoes. Brave as she was, this was terrific to Mrs. Thornton. George saw that his mother was ignorant of the cause of that awful sight, soon informed her that there were a great number of persons in boats with torches and drag nets on the lake, trying to find the body of his dear brother William; and the field pieces were fired, believing that their discharge might cause the body to rise to the surface of the water; "it is not," said he, "dear mother, now, for me to explain this to you, but it sometimes has the desired effect, but I fear it will not now; the expanse of the waters is too great for the experiment. While George was in the presence of his mother, he so far caught her spirit as to sustain himself most wonderfully; but he often escaped to the door to indulge in a flood of tears. He felt that now William was gone to his grave, new duties rested upon him. His elder brothers were then absent on a journey to survey a large tract of land, and were soon to leave the family roof, to act their parts in the world. The fourth day after the fatal accident, the bodies were found, and carried to a neighbor's house for burial, fearing that the sad ceremonies would be fatal to the professor. The boy was grappled to the body of William, and had been the cause of his death. The elder brothers were at home at the funeral, and now, more than ever, were desirous of going out into the world. They thought their brother William a young man of uncommon promise, in the line he had chosen, and was also very amiable. They both attempted by every means in their power to soften the feelings of the professor; they had supposed him a man of iron, and were astounded that he could feel so much for a pupil. They did not think a philosopher could be so much a man of feeling. Good Mrs. Thornton was

constant in her attentions to the instructor of her children, and by slow degrees, he seemed to awaken to life. When he first sat up in his bed, he was found making Latin and Greek verses to the memory of William, and sent George to read them to his mother, in English. The first thing after these classical lines, was a wish expressed to have selected for his examination, the passages of scripture which Mrs. Thornton had repeated in her distress, and all such as she had drawn consolation from, while she was under the first overwhelming agony of affliction. These were brought to him by George, and while he was in bed read to him.—Afterward he took them to read by himself. These seemed to arrest his attention for a few hours in the day. The Scriptures now became his daily study. He looked into the deeps profound. Some one suggested to him, that if he would advise, he had better send for the clergyman of the parish. He smiled upon his adviser, it was every thing but a smile of complacency. A boy to teach a philosopher his God! and he turned his head from all such interference.—When commentaries were offered him, he exhibited the same feeling. He was visited by the greater part of the clergy, each one hoping and wishing to be the instrument of the philosopher's conversion. When they come to grapple with him, it reminded one, of the tales of the crusades, when the young military chieftains of the christian army, were seized with a wish to contend with the great Saladin of the Saracen host, who honored their daring, at the same time he held in derision their strength. Saladin in an instant disarmed them, and spared them to return to their native land, and to the embraces of their friends. Among the host of the christian force who sought the philosopher, there was no Cour de Lion, that for a moment ventured to lift his battle axe against the Paimin champion. The only one the

professor would condescend to reason with, was the Christian woman, Mrs. Thornton. Every day, he, in the most submissive manner, talked with her. He often, as he afterwards declared, was lost in wonder in contemplating this problem: "What principle could it be that could sustain a fond and doating mother, under such a trial, when a bold seaman and an old philosopher sunk like infants under the tide of grief, can it be from learning? No; can it be from hardihood? No. Can this feeble woman have the soul of a lion, as that brave naval hero has? Can she reason as one bred in the schools of philosophy, as I have been? No. Then there must be some higher principle that sustains her. What is it? She calls it religion. I will examine it fairly, and trust to God that I may reach the truth." Day after day, he brooded over the subject, and read every thing the good woman put into his hands. Some times she gave him funeral tokens, and funeral sermons; what often he thought as destitute of genius as the common bawlings of the hired mourner. He compared them with the consolation found in his Virgil and Horace, and they sunk as inferior compositions; but not so, the passages of Scripture, she gave him; he found in them a depth of thought, and a height of moral grandeur unknown to him before, and it surprised him, that he had not previously noticed them. They entered so far into eternity, that he liked to follow them beyond the goal of philosophy, through the track of Godhead. Mrs. Thornton never crowded the subject upon him, or hardly adverted to it, unless the sage began it, and then she would make a slight remark upon the pride of human wisdom, and instance it in the life of St. Paul. In a few weeks he came out to attend prayer, which were forms written by an ancestor of the good woman, and which were read by herself or one of her children, accompanied by a lesson from the Old or New

Testament. These devotions had nothing of rant or cant in them. The simplicity and good sense of these devotions, which he had never heard before, struck him agreeably, and he came out constantly to hear them. William was not mentioned in the family, unless some stranger or the professor brought up the subject. He never would give another lecture on chemistry; but put aside all the apparatus that he and William had together manufactured. George was now alone his care, as understood by his employers; but he began to notice the two little boys, and took pleasure in hearing their infantile lessons. These urchins had never been allowed to approach him from a belief that they would be troublesome; but now they were suffered by him to climb on his knees, play with his white hairs, and giggle until he laughed with them. When, after dinner, he took his siestere, the playful little fellows would softly enter his room and fan away the flies, and if they perceived that he was waking up would run off; but not before he saw what they were about. The next thing that Mrs. Thornton knew, he was selecting, and making hymns to teach his new charge. The matron saw their delicate piety, and poetical sweetness and encouraged the children to commit them to memory. One day the professor enquired of Mrs. Thornton, if she knew where he could find Paine's *Age of Reason*, for, added he, I wish to make some commentaries on that work which I have not seen for many years. The matron replied I can hand it to you, my brother had it here some time ago, and I persuaded him to trust it to my keeping; this he did, and I took occasion to read it attentively, and if I ever had a doubt before of my faith, the perusal of this book dissipated it. I knew Mr. Paine when he was a very popular man, in Philadelphia, and that time he made himself very pleasant in the society of young ladies, by his conversation, his play-

ful conundrums, and poetical effusions ; but, at that time we had heard nothing of his infidelity ; I read the work without any prejudice against the man, I was taught to revere, as a most disinterested patriot ; but in this work, he neither exhibited the dignity of learning, nor the language and courtesy of a gentleman.

The professor took the book, and nothing more was said about it for several months, when he returned it, and on presenting Mrs. Thornton with a manuscript, he observed, "I wish you to read this, and keep it for George. She took the first opportunity to give it a thorough examination. It was an answer to the "Age of Reason." The first part was a learned history of all the religions of the world ; their beauties and deformities were pointed out with discrimination and candor, and their influences on the minds of their followers philosophically considered. The state of the Pagan World at the Advent of the Messiah, was fully shown, and the changes which were soon made fully noticed. The evidence in support of the Christian Religion, was arranged in proper order, and followed by arguments of great acuteness and power. He explained many things which had been stumbling blocks for ages, by his deep researches in oriental literature. He brought together all the scintillations of Heavenly fire, scattered through the New Testament, and they burned with intense radiance on his altar of devotion. With great skill he proved the harmony of the Gospels, by their seeming discrepancies, and showed the purity and value of evangelical truth, by its elevation above the common current of sentiment. Armed at all points, he left no difficulty unsubdued, but grappled with all suggested by Paine and others, as a bounden duty. He stopped not in his pathway, to worship Calvin or Luther, or any of the earlier fathers of the Church. He considered them only as great expounders

of truth, and not inspired guides. Mrs. Thornion could hardly trust her own senses, on reading this manuscript, nor could any thing exceed her delight on being assured that the instructor of her children was not wandering in the doubts of a proud philosophy. She had never glanced at the subject with him. With this manuscript was another, giving some account of himself, which he entrusted her with ; but not to be made public while he was living. He stated that he bore an assumed name, that he was bred in Edinburgh, and had spent most of his life within the College walls ; that he had received the degrees of M. D. and L. L. D., and was a Professor of Chemistry at the time of his leaving that country. The causes of his exile was also explained ; there was a society formed in the University, which, at first, was entirely of a literary nature, but when the French Revolution broke out, this subject was freely discussed, and, of course, both religion and politics could not be avoided. As the scenes in this great drama followed each other in rapid succession ; the discussions grew more frequent, and often ended in fierce contentions. The British Government was alarmed, and kept strict watch over every germ of freedom that might hasten on a spirit of reform, or perhaps, a revolution. Pitt watched with the eye of a lynx all seats of learning, for he knew that from the French Academy had sprung in no small measure, the evils the nation was then suffering. There were extra-loyal subjects enough in Scotland to aid him in this espionage. Some few persons who spoke freely, more from a pride of the freedom of speech, than from a desire to take a part in the politics of the day, were rudely attacked as enemies to our country, and to our religion. We resented this unjust treatment, and were soon in open war with many. After Thomas Muir was tried and convicted without evidence of any treasonable intention, sev-

eral of us were hurried away by our friends to places of safety. Most of us found our way to France. I remained there until I saw every outrage committed under the name of liberty, and then repaired to the United States. I spent a year or more in the cities of the Atlantic, and finding no comfort in this, I determined to travel through the interior. To do this I took a humble appearance in clothes, and horse from choice, not necessity, and was on my travels when your son found me in the church yard, and invited me to your mansion, in which I have been happier than I thought I could ever have been while an exile from my country. I can go home, there is nothing to prevent me from returning to Scotland, but my friends are many of them dead, and my acquaintances were mostly confined to the University. I visit the city of Edinburgh in my dreams, and all things are pleasant, perhaps more so than I should find them, were I actually to visit the scenes of my youth and manhood. I shall not leave you until my pupil George, has gone to the University, and probably not until my little ones have begun Erasmus, and my dear madam, sometimes I have a presentiment that I shall find a resting place along side of William; but it is not well to pursue these subjects, for they throw a gloom over the day of sunshine which we ought to enjoy as it passes, for we cannot recall past time. It was only once in the annals of human life, that the shadow travelled back on the dial of Ahaz."

George now entered college on an advance standing, and was so well prepared that he at once took a high rank in his class. The value of such a tutor as he had been fortunate enough to have met with, was seen and acknowledged by the faculty of the College, as well as by the class. While George was gaining honors in College, the little ones at home were learning with that rapidity children generally do, who

love their teachers. The schoolmaster had to take the children into the fields and woods for exercise, for they would stay in the house all day unless the professor went out with them.

When George graduated, he was appointed to deliver an English oration. He insisted that the professor should join his father's family to attend commencement; to this he acceded, and come with them the day before commencement. When it became known that the great scholar who had instructed George Thornton, was in the town, the class about graduating requested to be introduced to him; this was arranged, and the interview was delightful. One of the class in behalf of the whole, made him a most respectful and appropriate address expressing their high satisfaction of seeing so ripe a scholar among the learned, who had come to honor the commencement. This was answered by the learned sage in a dignified and affectionate manner; he pointed out the value of knowledge, and the way to attain it; told them "*that now their education was finished, their studies were to begin;*" congratulated them on being born in a country which was growing for them faster than scholars could multiply, and that all would find sufficient employment; and closed by telling them that their country's honor depended more upon them than they were aware of, and by leaving them his blessing. On commencement day the professor, by invitation from college government, took his seat on the stage with the Faculty and Trustees. On that day he surprised his friends by his extraordinary attention to dress, for he wore the full costume of a Regius professor. George was the valedictory orator, and acquitted himself to the delight of his friends, and to the admiration of every one. He delicately alluded to the agency the venerable stranger had had in his education, and laid an offering



of gratitude at his feet, as he was about to say farewell to all. The president understanding some of the passages in the life of the professor from Mrs. Thornton, and his true name, for all concealment was at an end, at the close of the day conferred the additional honorary degree of L. L. D. on James Brown Wallace, M. D., L. L. D., Edinburgh, Scotland. George and his mother shed tears of joy, and the whole class of graduates were on the point of huzzaing in the church. This was the most memorable day in the life of George Thornton, now a man of middle age, who has since seen much of life. Even Captain Thornton congratulated the professor, by calling him Admiral, with a new star on his breast, and it would be in vain to say that the eyes of the veteran did not twinkle with pleasure. Mrs. Thornton was afraid it would be too much for his nerves; but most constitutions bear pleasure better than pain; the old doctor had not been so well for many years, as he was for months after that eventful journey. He never mentioned his own honors, but gave the neighbors a full account of those bestowed on George.

It were idle to detail too much. George read law, and then by the advice and assistance of his teacher, made a tour through Europe. His instructions given him by the doctor, were so minute, that he spent one year more than others who go over the same ground, in examining such things as his patron pointed out to him. George took passage from Alexandria, having spent nearly a year in Egypt and the Holy land, and of course he had not heard from home for a long time. He reached the American shore in the night, and finding the stage would start at the early dawn of the morn, he took passage, and reached his native town late in the evening. He stopped at the stage house, and engaged a boy and wagon to take him to Captain Thornton's.

The boy drove gently in silence; the moon shone with that clearness that always give a solemn tone to the reflecting mind, and George was more than usually melancholy.— Only those who have experienced such an hour, can understand the feelings it produces. As they passed the graveyard, he beckoned the boy to stop, and he clambered over the wall and went to the grave of his brother William; along side of this were two others of full length. He struck his breast in agony and exclaimed, Oh God! in one of these rests my mother—in the other my father! but he at once saw that they were on either side of William's grave, and said to himself, "Oh, no; this is not according to the fashion of burial in my native land. My parents would have been placed side by side; it is the last abode of my patron, and my friend." On enquiry, the boy confirmed his suspicions, and added, "you have a new mother at the Captain's, and all the folks say that she is not fit to take the place of the first one." This was enough. He ordered the boy to drive him back to the stage house, and there spent a restless night. In the morning, he rode over to see his father, and his younger brothers, now grown fine intelligent lads. His father received him with open arms, but felt no little awkwardness in introducing to him a woman, to be called mother. This he would not do at the hazard of immolation on the refusal. There were many who were anxious to give him the particulars of his mother's death. She at fifty-seven years of age, found her health declining, and prepared herself to die, only wishing to see her son George once more, if it was the will of God, if not, she was resigned. As she grew weak, the doctor read to her portions of Scripture daily, and such other works as she wished to hear read, but did not venture to allude to her situation, unless she commenced the conversation, for he never lost the awe he felt for the majesty of

her virtues. She gradually sunk to the grave in peace, longing to leave this world of sorrow and be at rest. At her death, the professor promised that he would not leave the younger boys until they were fitted for the counting house or college, if God spared his life. He collected composure enough from her example, to sketch the character of his friend with great force and delicacy ; but it was the last effort of his pen ; he never again took it in hand, when this was finished. He lingered along from day to day, for the space of about three months, and expired in an apoplectic fit, as it was said ; but it was from the heart-break, a more common death than is generally imagined. He had left a sealed package for his son, as he called him, George Thornton, in which was found a will, bequeathing to his adopted child, his books, papers, and a pretty little fortune. The step dame, when she heard this, was in a rage, and advised her husband to bring in a bill against the estate, for many years board ; but the Captain had too much sound sense, to be guided by such advice. Yet such was her indignation, that it became uncomfortable for the heir to remain in his father's house ; and he quit it for the tavern, in order to settle his estate in peace. He erected tomb stones over the graves of his mother, brother, and friend ; and returned home no more until his step-dame had ceased to trouble the living. George Thornton has now this answer to the "Age of Reason," and the minute progress of belief in the mind of the philosopher, who had come from the twilight of Infidelity, to the noon-day sun of the Christian's Hopes.

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## THE CORRUPTED.

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"In the name of God most merciful—I swear by the sun and its brightness ; by the moon when she followeth him ; by the day when it sheweth its splendor ; by the night when it covereth him with darkness ; by the earth, and Him who spreadeth it forth ; by the soul, and him who perfectly formed it, and inspired into the same its faculty of distinguishing, and power of choosing wickedness or piety—that he who hath purified himself shall be happy, and he who has corrupted his soul shall be miserable."—*Koran*.

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THE form and character of the instruction received by an individual in the course of obtaining an education, more than the amount of information required by him, give a tone to the moral and intellectual powers he may possess. Indiscriminate reading brings on as many diseases to the mind as gross and indiscriminate feeding does to the body. There is hardly a mind in society, from the highest to the humblest that is not more or less influenced by this latitude of indulgence, in coursing at pleasure the fields of literature. It is deplorable to see youths, whose diet is regulated by a wise physician, allowed in their reading, to ramble over hill and dale, meadow and woodland, to gather flowers for themselves without a guide ; often taking the most poisonous of all, allured by the brilliancy of their colors, and at the same time neglecting the salutary and medicinal ones, being less attractive to the senses. The literature of the age is full of "*thrilling sentiments, of stirring incidents, of rapturous glow, of*

*unheard of suffering,"* and all that sort of machinery to swell the bosom with emotion, and to fill the eye with tears. This inundation of *poisonous confectionary*, is distressing to those who love *wholesome food* for body and mind. Intemperance and consumption slay thousands daily, or rob them at least of the joys of life. Still the world is on the watch against these enemies of the human race; but who thinks of ~~stemming the current of~~ deleterious sentiment, which is constantly flowing in upon every mind? It is time that the public should be awakened to this subject; if any one will look around him, he will find numerous instances in his view to justify the writer in these remarks.

John Zone, and Sarah his wife, were respectable grocers in a growing city in this country. They were industrious and honest, and of course, thrifty. They were blessed with several children of good sound constitutions. Their sons were clever and quiet, and two of their daughters out of three, plain good girls, and learned readily whatever was taught them; but one of their daughters was pronounced a beauty from her birth. She was a paragon in the cradle. In the mother's imagination, an hundred Fairies attended her birth, and more were to superintend her growth. This is a weakness that often attends those otherwise blessed with good sense. Mrs. Zone sought for a lovely name for this little Peri of perfection, and at last fixed upon Helen Hyacinthia Zone. This was generally applauded by all the relatives. As Hyacinthia grew up, no one was allowed to contradict her, or even to gainsay whatever she did. She broke play things as she pleased, but all was right. Good Mr. Zone sometimes ventured to ask his wife if she were doing right; but on these occasions he was snubbed up in such a manner, that the question was not often repeated.—Go look after Hyacinthia, was the constant direction to the

other children, until they wished their little sister in Heaven. She mastered her alphabet as soon as the other sisters, and in fact, was forward in learning to read, for she was not destitute of mind or memory. She was about equal to those of her age in school for reading, or hand writing ; but the moment she was put to higher branches, she was obstinate and resorted to tears for an indulgence from her lesson. Her instructor got out of all patience, and insisted that she should learn the multiplication table with the other scholars ; but she would not make the attempt. She returned from school with swollen eyes, and appealed to her mother for protection. The mother said she should not be driven to this odious task. Her sisters had learned it and that was enough, Hyacinthia should not be crossed in her temper, for such a trivial thing as a multiplication table. Mr. Zone insisted that she was capable of committing it to memory, and that she should be made to do it ; a violent family quarrel ensued, and Hyacinthia and her mother, were conquerors over father and schoolmaster. The mother thought that her dear daughter should have private tutors, and not be submitted to the degradation of a public school. Mr. Zone knew how hard his wife labored, and how much she earned for him every day, could not object, or rather thought it the wisest course not to refuse her request. One instructor after another was hired, and Hyacinthia was not suited ; no one seemed to understand her bent and genius, but her dear mother and she could not exactly describe it, but felt assured that it was something of a high order. The sums paid her tutors began to grow severe in the sight of Mr. Zone, and he remonstrated with his wife upon the subject. She acknowledged that some of the masters might have suited if her daughter Hyacinthia had not such a peculiar temper ; or as she had heard lawyer Danforth say, " was not of such a deli-

cate fibre." She had some slight passion for music, and an old musician who had spent the good part of a life in managing mothers and daughters, contrived to keep the little uneasy, capricious-creature, constant to her piano, until she had really caught some idea of music. Hyacinthia had taste in sounds, and soon acquired a tolerable execution on the piano. Now the great secret of her genius was discovered, and was to rival the Santag and Malibran, and the whole troupe of Syrens of the opera, from Naples to New-York, and it is to be confessed that she did make some improvement by the dint of exertion, and the force of flattery. Her mother thought that Hyacinthia had an exquisite taste in dress, but she always appeared gaudy, flaunting, and extravagant. She was never in equable spirits, either melancholy or extatic. Her conversation was offensive to a man of sense. An uncle of hers come to the city to see his brother and family, and was well received. He was a lawyer in the interior, a sensible man with an affectionate heart. He was soon at home with all the rest of the family, but Hyacinthia had not determined whether it was genteel or not to be sociable with an uncle from the country. He was disgusted with her on a few minutes conversation; she quoted all the modern novels and sentimental poetry, thinking it would be quite acceptable to a literary man. In the first place he could not find out the meaning half the time, and when he did catch a glimpse of it, he considered it as the most wretched affectation in the world, and could not help treating it as such. The mother saw the disgust the lawyer felt at her display, but consoled herself by saying to her husband, "these country folks, if they are ever so smart, have no notion of what a wife of a city gentleman should be; they want somebody to take care of the farm. Lucy or Jane would make good wives for country gentry; but Hyacinthia shall never go



into the country. Lucy and Jane soon had offers of marriage from substantial business men, and were happily settled. Hyacinthia now had the whole attention of her parents. She was dressed like a tragedy queen in the street, and attracted those drones of society who watch hours in the day to see who passes. It was not difficult to get an introduction to her, and it was well known that her mother handed round an excellent glass of wine, and fresh house-baked cake. The honest citizen, Mr. Zone, had no small difficulty to eat his dinner in peace, as Hyacinthia's beaux come at one o'clock as a most fashionable hour to visit. It was a sad business, but it was decided that the family should dine at three o'clock instead of one. They suffered much from this change in hours for dinner; but their daughter's welfare was paramount to all inconveniences. Every evening until a late hour, the parlor was filled by every dandy cit or foreigner in the city, but no one made advances to Miss Helen Hyacinthia Zone. She grew impatient, pouted, scolded, and put on airs; the loungers about her understood it, but did not stir an inch. It was whispered that the Grocer was heavy in purse, and that his favorite daughter would be amply provided for. This set some of the hangers on to thinking that a comfortable living, might be made out of a match like this. Two young men who called themselves Louisiana merchants, but who probably were never citizens or inhabitants of New Orleans, made love to Hyacinthia. She favored one lover, the parents the other. After long negotiation with each other, one drew off, and the remaining one was soon accepted; it was after this stipulation was made with him who absented himself, that he who was the successful candidate should give the other one-third of all he might receive by the bargain. The marriage was solemnized with no small parade, and it was intimated that Mr. Simcote

all control over her daughter. The rumors increased, and on investigation were found to be too true. One evening one of the gentlemen who were allied to the family, insulted Alexander Trenon, Esq., at a public garden, by calling him a black-leg. It was thought a duel would follow, but the devoted friend of Hyacinthia, could not descend to fight with a man of common standing. Mr. Zone forbade Trenon his house; but still the proscribed was seen with his friend's wife, in many parts of the city; and it was believed they had private intercourse, even in her father's house. The family were astonished at hearing nothing from Simcote for several months.

One morning it was rumored that Alexander Trenon, Esq. was found stabbed to the heart, in the upper part of the city. A single blow had been struck at him with a dagger, which had reached his heart, and instantly deprived him of life. It could not have been a robber, who did the deed, for his money, watch, gold snuff-box, and rings were still about his person, when found by the Watch. The whole affair was involved in mystery. The sober and discreet men who had become sons-in-law to Mr. Zone, were above all suspicion of such a deed. The only clue they had to the discovery of the murderer was but a slight one. The victim was seen after midnight by a Watchman in company with another not far from where he fell. All the guardians of the night were examined, and one of them acknowledged that about eleven o'clock, the night the murder was perpetrated, he found a gentleman inebriated, who called upon him for assistance, and asked him to hide him in the watch-house, for a short time, and he should get over his infirmity. To the watch-house he was taken. The gentleman seemed to get better soon, and was liberal with his purse, giving the officer something handsome for his trouble, and said to him, "I will doze

a few minutes and then make towards home." The Watchman fell into a sound sleep, and when he awoke, discovered that the stranger had taken an old coat, hat and weapon, the badge of office, belonging to another. The guardian of the night awaked before one o'clock, but the gentleman had gone. In a short distance from the body of Trenon, these articles were found, and identified by the Watchmen; but he could not remember a single feature of the person he took with him for a short repose, but on reviewing all the circumstances, he was fully of opinion, that the drunkenness was feigned. No farther progress in discovering the assassin was made for some time.

No news was heard from Simcote for a year or more, when a ship from New-Orleans, brought Mrs. Simcote letters and some drafts. She opened her letter and read it—she uttered a scream, and her mother entering the room found her daughter in convulsions. A physician was sent for, but all to no avail, Mrs. Simcote expired the next day at noon, having broken a blood vessel in her paroxysms.—The father took up the letter from Simcote, and read as follows:—

"DEAR WIFE,—(I still will call you so, though lost to me forever.)

*Ship-board.*

When this shall reach you, no trace of the wretch, once your husband, will be found on earth; my body will be in the bosom of the sea. Several days since, I fractured my leg, and the mortification has taken place. I do not regret it; mourn not for me—I am not worthy of a tear. You will never know who I am, but it is but justice that I should make you acquainted with some things in my life. While a clerk in New-Orleans, I became acquainted with the man

who called himself Alexander Trenon. I had spent more money than I could honestly command, and on making known my situation to him, he assisted me to make all quiet, but his apparent generosity was the basest selfishness, for it was not long afterwards that he proposed to me to join in robbing a bank ; he coaxed and threatened me, and I at last yielded. From that time, we were together, as successful plunderers of the public. He gave me the name of Alfred Simeote, the name of a man he was supposed to have murdered in Spain. When we made our appearance in your city, we had hidden treasures in New Orleans, and in the West Indies. When I first saw you, I was pleased with you, and my intentions were honorable, as far as such a man's intention could be honorable. I honestly intended to make you my wife, and to shake off Trenon and settle down as a domestic man. This Trenon opposed, called me a fool ; but finding my determination fixed, waved the subject. He intended to make you his victim at first, and never ceased his machinations until he had ruined us both.— When I left you to go to New Orleans, to dispose of some hidden treasure, with my part of it I purchased cotton, which I shipped to your father, and his part was transmitted in bills on your city. He then induced me to go to the West Indies to dispose of some concealed treasure ; but when I reached the Island, I discovered that some one had been there before me, and had disposed of all I went to find. I had not been on the Island two days, when I was arrested on a false suit, brought in the name of a Spaniard I had never heard of, and thrown into prison, where I remained nearly six months. When the trial came on, my lawyer unravelled the whole mystery, and traced all the deception up to Trenon. The inducements for his villainy flashed across my mind, and I hastened home. For nearly a fortnight I kept

myself out of sight—rumors to your discredit were then afloat and I soon fathomed the whole affair—I swore a deep and bloody revenge—I have had it—I saw Trenon admitted to your house, by yourself, the last night of his life—I then went to the watch-house, as was described in your papers, and obtained the dress as stated, and walked near your house until about midnight, I saw him come out. I knew one of his places of retirement, in an obscure part of the city, and saw that he directed his steps towards that quarter. I followed him with my disguise, and as he was turning a dark corner, I stopped, seized him by the collar, and struck my dagger to the heart, announcing my real name to him as he fell. He knew me, sprung upon his feet and dropped dead. I uttered a fiendish laugh, at hearing his last groan, and left him, and on passing a street or two, threw off my disguise, and moved on in security. I was in no danger of being caught, for I did not care a straw for my fate. I had glutted my revenge. I pitied you, for I knew that you had been prepared by a wretched education, to become an easy prey to such a designing villain as Trenon. I pitied your mother, because it was her affection and bounty that placed you in the power of such an adventurer as I was. Your mind was light and vitiated when we met, and I was a fool for leaving you a moment, if I expected security and happiness. the unkindest cut I felt, of all the agony, was from hearing of your lamentations at the death of Trenon. I hope after you have shed tears for your seducer, that you will shed none for me; for whatever have been my sins, I was kind and indulgent to you, and was trying to make myself and you better. However long you may live, you can never enter society again. In truth, you never were in society; you treated with contempt your own family, and never reached the fashionable world, you so strongly desired to join. I

feel happy in the thought that I have left you sufficient property to keep you from want. Never think of me again, but set about purifying your own mind, and preparing yourself to sustain with fortitude the disgrace you cannot shun.

There were times in our lives, when I was on the point of drawing the veil from all the mystery which surrounded us, and of making a full disclosure of every thing, and of going with you into retirement, and of struggling together to be happy in a humble situation ; but I had not moral courage sufficient for the task, or I thought you were so wedded to the meretricious state you were in, that nothing could reclaim you. Your mother too, in the main, a good woman, had become so poisoned with the sound of fashionable life, that she would not have aided the determination. My heart was swollen almost to bursting, to think how wretchedly you were deceived. That elegant Erskine Russell, who boasted of being related to the Duke of Bedford, whose exquisite taste in dress you so much admired, is one of the greatest villains in the world. He has been in various situations,—a servant to a gentleman upon his travels—a head waiter at a hotel—a notorious gambler—a keeper of a gambling house—a jockey on the turf among the fashionables—and a high-way-man within twenty-four hours. He has been sent to Botany Bay, and escaped to the United States, “the asylum of oppressed humanity,” and the rendezvous or last refuge of every scoundrel under heaven. He keeps a list of the females he has ruined, and shows the additions made to it, to his circle of infamous wretches, every time they have a revel. Still his language before females has all that scrupulous delicacy of concealed vice, conveyed in subdued and softened tones, always fascinating to every ear ;—but hear him among his diabolical associates, and a more libidinous, foul-mouthed blasphemer does not exist among

men. His splendid appearance is supported in your city, by frauds and shifts of which he is the main-spring. I dare say he is now moving in the higher circles of society, a star in the fashionable world.

That quiet German, Gasper Heidelberg, who won so much money from you, is not a whit behind Russell, as a knave. He has had a good education, but his manners have not received much polish, and he plays a secondary part to Russell, who is the chief of the banditti. His chief ingenuity is in making keys to unlock banks, and other repositories of money ; and also in preparing chemical ingredients to assist in altering and counterfeiting bills for distribution through the country. These arch fiends have many of our own countrymen in training, through the medium of agents. The minor agents have but little to do with the leaders, and they have no means of betraying them, if they were so disposed. This secret agency pervades every part of the United States, and while some of the awkward and ignorant of the conspirators are caught, and punished their leaders, are moving on in the most fashionable circles in thronged cities.

It makes my heart bleed to think what your good father has suffered. He is an honest, good man ; follow his advice in all things. Give him the charge of your property, and live no where but under his roof. Never upbraid your mother for her mistakes ; they were errors of the judgment, not of the heart. Take this advice as from one who once cherished as much affection for you, as any one could for a woman so volatile, vain, capricious, and so full of spurious sentiment. If I could have lived to have reformed myself, I might have reformed you ; but, alas, it is all over. I am calm and destitute of pain, the mortification is approaching my vitals, and in a few hours all will be over with me. Both of us have been drawn from the paths of virtue by one of the greatest

villains in the world; but he now festers in his shroud. He owed me his life and I took it; I wish for no casuist to settle this for me. Farewell.

A. SMOOTE.

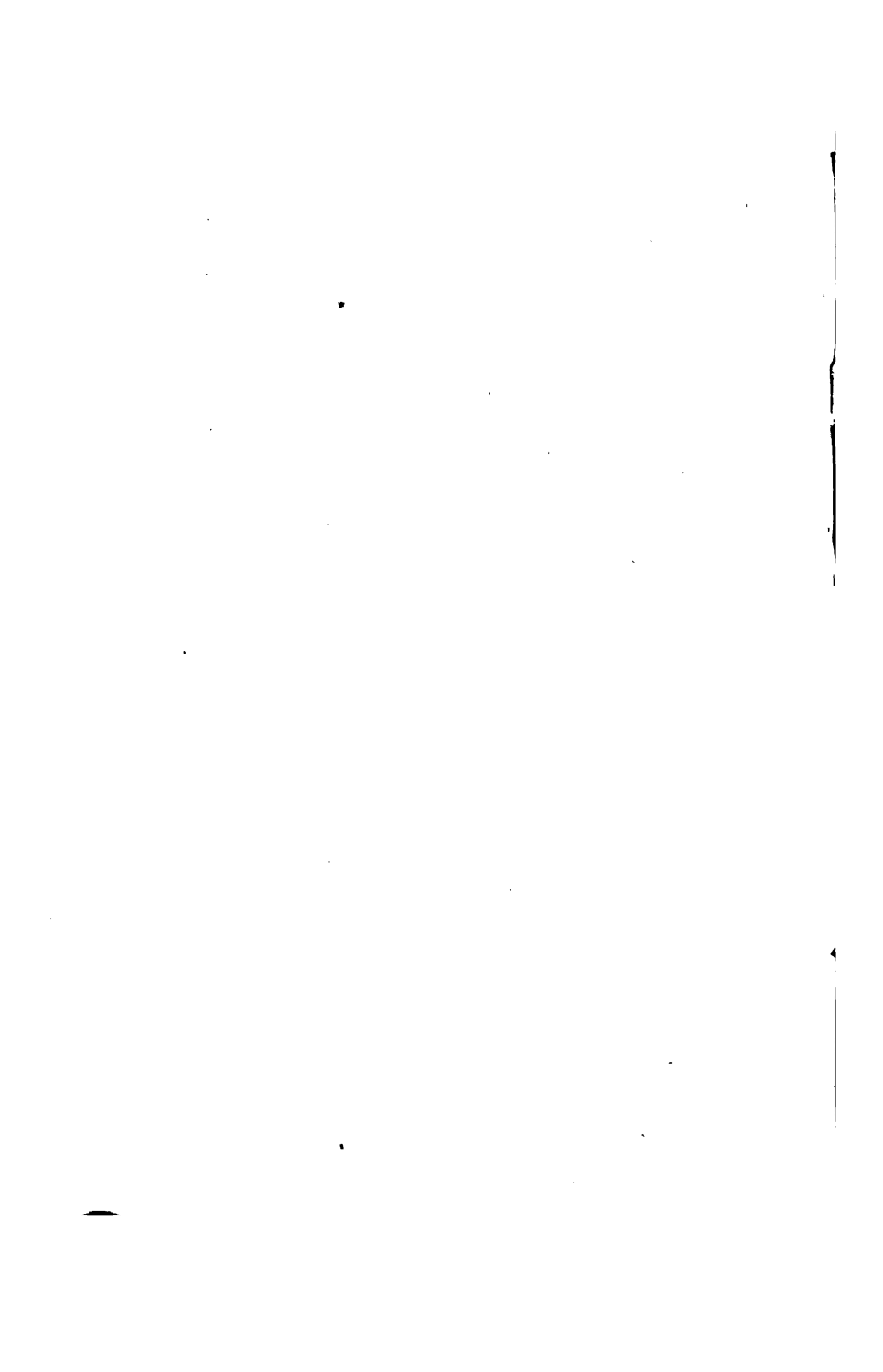
Mr. Zone read the letter in the room which contained his daughter's corpse, and instantly gathered up her splendidly-bound books, novels, poems, &c., with all the glowing pictures he could find, and conveyed them to the kitchen fire, and threw them into it, one after another, and stood with a vacant stare as the flames arose with spiteful fury, as if the demons the splendid pages contained, were angry at going back to their infernal abodes from whence they sprung.

Year after year, has the writer of this sketch, seen the grief-stricken pair, the parents of Hyacinthia Zone, going to church every Sunday, bearing deep traces of suffering and penitence; but of late, their countenances seem more serene; a religious composure has settled on their minds; and if they are not happy, the poignancy of their grief is over.

Mrs. Zone never hears of beauty among her grand children, but she shudders at the remembrance of her favorite Hyacinthia, and makes no reply. The good Mrs. Zone has often said, that she would sacrifice her life to benefit the rising generation; to teach mothers their duties. She may sigh over her follies for years, the world is hard to teach; for all the apt scholars are on the side of opposition. Indiscriminate reading is a vice, and should be no more considered as a venial error. The person who has lived among bad books, is more likely to be corrupted than he who lives in bad company. There is a nausea in bad company that does not show itself in vile books; but in them is hid by paper, type, and binding, and all that delights the eye. From the cradle to the grave, the food of the mind should be prepared



with caution and administered with still greater. Females are in more danger than males from this evil, for as exercise is, in some measure, a cure for gross food, so is an acquaintance with the world, in no small degree, an antidote against bad books. The greater portion of men set their faces against these moral poisons, and but few young men have the hardihood to make allusions to, or quotations from proscribed works; but when they are read in private, among females, there is no common atmosphere to blow away the pestilential fume which arise from corrupt books. Of all the reforms in the world, why not reform the reading of the age? When the taste is purified, THE MORALS ARE NOT EASILY CORRUPTED.



## THE ORPHAN.

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"I stand an isolated being in this world: numbered with no tribe—arranged in no class—indigenous to no soil. I belong not to the willows—for they bend to the breeze, but I cannot: I claim no similarity to the oak, whose head defies the storm—for I am torn by every blast: I am not of the family of the parasites—for I disdain to grow and look green and sleek, like the mistletoe, on the sap formed for other purposes. There is no place on earth for me. I have no parent root or kindred branch. I have no genial current of blood in my heart; it all turns backward to the fountain from whence it sprang, at the thought of my mysterious birth. Is there no charm, no torture, to make that fiend divulge the secret? I am writhing on a bed of scorpions—lashed by the whips of ten thousand furies—and the misery will last as long as I am in doubt of my origin: I understand that the witch has cast my nativity—and declares, with a malicious smile, that I shall not die in battle, or by pestilence, nor earthquakes. I believe it, for I have tried them all. She has also said that she cannot leave the world without a full confession. Watch her, that she does not."

*Asbury's Letter from South America.*

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In a thriving sea-port near the northern boundary of the state which is the heart of New England, there lived in the outskirts of the town a woman of singular appearance and strange character. She first appeared there in 1759—and commenced her career as a school-mistress, and for awhile was quite popular; but her temper was irascible—and after some year or more, she began to show her fierce and tyrannical disposition, and at length found it expedient to break up her school. By this time, however, MADAM COTTLE had gained the reputation of a *witch*—which was soon confirmed by her turning fortune-teller. Her predictions were often found to come true—and she could find stolen goods better than any one of the craft within one hundred miles of her residence. By such means she made a competence to support herself. Numerous are the tales of her powers

in the line of her profession. The whole town were afraid of her, and no one dared, even in private, to say aught against her. She had an abundance of the richest clothes of antiquated cut, which she put on without any regard to modern taste. In fact, she dressed herself as oddly as possible. All her neighbors sent her presents, to propitiate her good will—some, perhaps, believing the current supposition, that a witch has not the power to injure those from whom she receives a present. In her solitary cottage, which she hired cheap, (for no one dared refuse to take what she chose to give a landlord,) strange lights were often seen and strange voices heard. Many persons in disguise were seen in the shades of the evening, stealing into her house, who were dismissed by a postern door—and, after crossing a wide field, were lost in darkness. Some school-boys playing in the road near the house, heard the moans of a child, which attracted their curiosity—and one of the lads, who bore the talisman of protection, by having been a benefactor to her, (giving her some fine oranges when his father—a sea captain—had returned from the West Indies,) ventured to shove up the window and examine the rooms. In one of them he saw a child, between two and three years of age, sickly and emaciated, crying from hunger. Dame Cottle had gone out and locked the door, and left the child without food, from morning until late in the afternoon, in the long days of June. The boys at once bought some ginger-bread, and threw it into the window, and the little wretch nearly choked himself in eating it. The boys soon saw the witch on a fast walk, coming towards her house—and they wheeled off into the next street to shun her. It was as noiseless about her door as in a solitary desert; but on opening it, she found that the child had been fed by some one. The existence of this child was, as she thought, an

entire secret to every one, even to those who visited her house for the purposes of her necromancy. This was annoying to her, and she stormed at the next assembly of boys she found, and interrogated them strictly, but they made no confessions, and she obtained no satisfaction—the boys thinking that she had lost her power to discover the offender, from her having accepted the oranges presented. The offending boy mustering courage to watch the old woman, saw when she went out, and locked the door. He clambered up to the window, which was fastened down by a nail—and it was beyond his power to move it, to give the child any gingerbread with which his pockets were filled. He saw that the child was then looking more wretched than before. In the fulness of courage he dashed in a pane of glass, and threw his cakes on the floor; but the little sufferer did not dare to pick up a single piece—he had been so severely whipped for eating it on the former occasion. The boy watched the return of the old beldam—and listening under the other window, heard her rave and whip the child, and then smother his screams by suffocating him with her apron. The lad went home much agitated, fearing that he had gone too far in breaking the pane of glass. He ate no supper—told his mother that he had the head-ache, and wished to go to bed. She gave him some warm tea, and he retired, but could not sleep. The good mother became alarmed, and sent for her physician. He came—and said, the child was only troubled in mind; and he left his mother to discover what he had done. He would not disclose the circumstances to her, but said he would to their clergyman. He was sent for—and the boy confessed the whole story. He became quiet when he was told that he had done nothing wrong in the sight of God, if his father had to pay for a trifling trespass. The clergyman—a man

of high feelings and chivalrous character—informed the mother that her child had gone to sleep,<sup>†</sup> and she might also, but in the morning he would see her, and advise with her as to the best course to pursue. In the morning, all was explained. He advised that complaint should first be entered to the overseers of the poor—stating the facts. This was done—but the superstitious little town politicians were afraid of the sorceress, and declined taking any part in searching out the affair. A neighboring magistrate was next applied to—but he was still more timid, and the whole matter was well nigh being lost, when the mother of the boy who had broken the window, and saved the wretched child from starvation, summoning all the christian fortitude within her, said to herself, “This shall be inquired into.” She was not then thirty-five years of age, and the mother of ten living sons : a woman of exemplary morals—a member of a religious communion—and brave and virtuous as the mother of the Gracchii. She at-once made up her mind what course to pursue. She called four or five of her female friends around her, and stated to them the whole story, and suggested a plan of operation—which was, to rescue the child, and take upon themselves the responsibility. Each lady was to take her woman, and go to the residence of this witch of Endor, and bring away the child by force, and leave her to act as the aggrieved party. Mrs. Carroll—whose son had given the gingerbread—took a freed negress, who had been a slave to her father, and one she had known from infancy, to go with her. “Black Luce,” as she was called, was a remarkable personage : she was gigantic in mind and body, possessing the most indomitable courage of any heroine of ancient or modern days. They proceeded to the mansion of the beldam, and found the door barred, but she spoke to them through the broken pane, and swore that she would

wreak her vengeance on one and all, who ventured to disturb her. She said that her house was her castle, and that she would defend it to the flowing of the hearts' blood of her assailants. They would probably have retreated, had not lamentations issued from the inner room. They were from the suffering child. This roused all the woman in their hearts. The negress, burning with indignation, said, "Mistress, give me orders, and that infant shall be in your arms in five minutes!" The mother of ten sons gave the approving nod. The African giantess seized a log of wood, and instantly dashed in the door—and, with *one avenging blow*, struck the witch to the floor—who had stood with a butcher's knife in her hand; and the assailant striding over the fallen hag, seized the child, and delivered him to the matrons, who led him off. The infuriated Madam Cottle at once went to the magistrate and entered her complaint. The ladies appeared—pleaded guilty to the trespass—and paid their fines without a murmur—but refused to give up the child. This subject was next discussed. She was evidently too old to be the mother of the child—and not showing how she became the guardian of the boy, the magistrates adjudged that he was under the protection of the overseers of the poor.

The overseers gave these matrons the charge of the orphan. They admired that noble feeling and christian spirit which these matrons had evinced in the cause of humanity. A mother's heart is the most sacred fountain of pity; the cause of the wretched makes it flow even beyond the power of the palsying hand of superstition to stop. These religious and high-spirited matrons had no longer fears of any supernatural agency within the control of the wicked. They had broken the enthralldom. The infant (who was called James Asbury) was at once clothed, fed, and sent to school

at some distance from the town. His story was known, and he was treated with great kindness. He was among the first in his class—but there was a constant gloom over his youthful face, which the good matron, his particular protectress, saw, and gave him all the information about himself that she had.

In the holidays, when he visited his patroness, he was treated as a son, and even her own children would sooner quarrel with each other than with their foster-brother. Large sums of money were offered Madam Cottle for his history; but, with the malignity of a fiend, she would not say a word to those who importuned her. Now-and-then she would throw out a hint that she could tell secrets if she would, and that not only characters would suffer, but titles to estates would be shaken, if she should turn tell-tale. These stories often reached Asbury's ears, and gave him still more uneasiness.

In his fifteenth year he made a visit to his friends, and told them that life was a burden to him, while living in a community to which, perhaps, he did not belong, and had no ties of blood or connexion; and that he wished to go to sea—to be the builder of his own fortune and the founder of his own name. Finding him violently bent on this course, they found him a voyage to the East Indies, and he sailed with every preparation that a son of the wealthiest merchant could require. The ship returned without him—the captain, at his earnest request, suffering him to join an English ship in want of officers. Nothing more was heard of him for ten years, when he returned to see his patronesses, and with sufficient means to refund every dollar that had been spent on him. This he insisted upon—and would take no denial. In this visit he became intimate with a young lawyer, a son of the resolute woman who was the cause of his



being snatched from the clutches of the beldam in whose possession he was found ; and they together made great efforts to get the old wretch to reveal all she knew of his birth and parentage ; but she, true to her diabolical disposition, refused to listen to any proposals, however tempting, and refused to see him and his friend a second time,—intimating, however, that he was more than he thought himself, with many such vague expressions. Mr. Asbury soon left the town, and repaired to South America, in search of adventures and commercial speculations ; leaving his friend to look after old Mrs. Cottle,—thinking that, when dying, she might be persuaded to make a true disclosure : indeed, she had intimated, that, after death, many matters and things which were now mysterious, would be brought to light.—Ten years more passed away, and the lawyer only heard now-and-then of Asbury—always having been in some fight, or just recovering from his wounds, or just having escaped from some dungeon,—frequently stating, that probably he never should again see what he had never doubted was his native land.

In process of time, the old beldam fell sick, and the fame of her incantations were nearly exhausted, and she could no longer support herself, and of course was carried to the alms-house, to be taken care of. The lawyer, the friend of Asbury, was that year one of the overseers of the poor, and ordered the old hag into one of the best rooms of the house, in hopes of finding out the secret of Asbury's birth. Diabolical as she was, she felt that this was a kindness she did not deserve, and uttered a few sentiments of gratitude for the attentions she had received. On one of Carroll's visits, she said, "If you will pledge me that I shall be buried in such a spot, (naming it in the grave yard,) in a mahogany coffin, with proper winding sheets, as a lady should have, and such I

am by birth, I will leave you the whole of my papers." The bargain was acceded to at once, and his pledge was given. The dying sinner knew enough of his character to put full confidence in his pledge. He added, "that she should be carried to the grave in the most genteel hearse in the town, and that he would follow her to the grave himself, with all his friends that he could procure to join him, and she should have every comfort while living it was in his power to offer. The old witch took from her bed a small trunk and handed it to the lawyer, saying, "in that is all you want; give me your honor that it shall not be opened until I am dead, and buried as you promise,—then open it, and act as you think proper, sparing every curse upon me, however truly they may be deserved, they will do no good. I have been a wretched creature from youth. The mother of the lawyer, Mrs. Carroll, wishing to see Dame Cottle, as she had been to her school, and was the resolute woman who had rescued young Asbury from death, took her son's arm and made a visit to the dying witch. As they entered the room, the sick, old woman uttered a shriek and turned away her head,—“ Oh ! that I could have been spared this,”—was her first sentence. Mrs. Carroll said that she had come to induce her to repent, and to implore forgiveness from her Maker. “ You know not the guilt of the wretch you wish to save,” was the reply. “ Three times have I fired your house, which was providentially discovered each time, before much mischief had been done ; and once I stabbed a boy supposing him to be your son, but he was not ; the child survived the wound. I was disguised as a sailor, when I struck my knife at his heart. In the same dress I waylaid you when you were coming from your sick father. It was your great Newfoundland dog that you had with you that saved you that night. That dog always knew me in whatever disguise I assumed, and

when I have attempted to feed him, would never touch any thing from my hand. He seemed to look into my very soul, and I thought would have given his life to have told you what he thought of me." Mrs. Carroll was quite overpowered at all this, and her son thought it prudent to take her from the room. The ravings of the beldam were heard all night long, echoing through the large building. Misery, vice, and poverty forgot themselves in listening to the shrieks of remorse. When the morning's sun arose, all was over; her spirit had flown, but the fiendish lineaments were still left on her face, and her chappy finger seemed still extended to work up some horrid spell. Mr. Carroll was true to his promise; the "withered witch" was decently shrouded and put into a mahogany coffin; several of the public coaches were ordered to join the procession, and some of Carroll's friends stepped into them. After the funeral he prepared to open the small trunk.

In the trunk there were large bundles of papers on various subjects, relating to the affairs of many persons; but the most interesting, was a full and minute account of Asbury's parentage, with the certificate of his mother's marriage and the letters which passed between his parents during the days of their courtship. The way the old hag became possessed of them was fully detailed in the sketch which she left of her own life. "I was born," says the manuscript, "in Edinburgh in the year 1732,—my father was a man of distinction and worth, and I was his only daughter; but I had a brother younger than myself. I received the best education that my native city could afford me, always in science and letters, beyond all other places on the globe. In my nineteenth year, my father took me with him to London, to give me a higher polish. We took up our residence with a relation who was an officer of high rank in the army, and

his house was constantly filled with company of the most fascinating character. Among others, Colonel Cottle was very attentive to me. He was a man of elegant manners, of classical acquirements, and one of those artless, daring men that women love, next to those who command them in everything, and have a right to this command from bravery and delicacy. He was considered as a bachelor, and as such made his addresses to me. They were at first cautiously received, but he pressed his suit so vehemently that I began to soften. I knew my father had already made a match for me in our own neighborhood, in Scotland; but in this I had no concern, as the young man was still on his travels, and had never made advances to me. Colonel Cottle at length offered me his hand, alledging for a while that it must be private, as he had difficulties to encounter. We were married, and I returned to Scotland. Fortunately the man intended by my father as my husband, did not return as soon from the Continent as his friends expected him, and of course I was free from all importunities. My husband made me two or three visits clandestinely, and at length informed me that he was ordered to America, and wished me to accompany him to the new world. To this I readily assented, and under pretence of visiting our friends in London, I had an opportunity of embarking for America. In 1755 we were in the Colonies. I was treated with great respect by my husband, and by every officer in the army. I felt however the sin of disobedience sitting heavily upon me, and often would the stern looks of my father stare me full in the face; but my husband's smile soon restored me to calmness again. I was near the battle field when Lord Howe fell, and prepared his apparel for the burial. I saw the fight in disguise, which Colonel Cottle knew nothing of. I saw the folly of the course pursued, and ventured to give my opinion; but what

could a common soldier know about war? We had gone down Lake George, on the 5th of July, 1758, in the most scenic manner, a thousand and thirty boats were divided in squadrons, filled with every munition of war, and the best of provisions for many day's support. At the interval of an half hour, the band of music which were in the centre struck up, "*God Save Great George our King*," and many thousand voices were united at once, which echoed among those highlands which encompass the lake, in numerous reverberations, that it seemed as if millions had joined us. The fate of the battle on the 8th all know. Two thousand brave fellows fell, when not a dozen Frenchmen were killed. Lord Howe who had fallen was a great favorite with his own troops, but more especially so with the Colonists. The retreat was most melancholly. My husband had been severely wounded, and I held his head in my lap nearly all the way up Lake George; but I was disguised, he did not suspect any thing. He frequently sighed, and expressed his concern for me, if he should die, but little thinking that I heard it. I attempted in every way to cheer him, and he grew more easy in body and mind. When we reached head quarters at Fort George, rest and quiet had a wonderful effect on him, and in less than six weeks he was able to walk about leaning on my arm. I managed so adroitly to change my clothes, that when he was brought into the Fort, I was ready, as his wife, to receive him. I thought that I had never loved him so much before, as I did when he was as helpless as a child; he looked to me for every thing. Colonel Cottle recovered, and we continued to live together in the greatest harmony. General Abercrombie, and other officers, were often at our table, and treated me with every respect. Not one of them had the slightest suspicion of my situation, any more than I had myself. During the

winter of 1758-9, I took lodgings at Albany ; my husband was the principal part of the time on the more extended frontiers. While here, a pale, emaciated woman came to my lodgings, and enquired for Colonel Cottle. I informed her that he was at that moment at Fort George. She took his address and thanked me, as I thought with a look of pity.—The thought come over my mind that this woman was his wife ; for once an inebriated officer had made some coarse advances to me, which Colonel Cottle resented, when he let fall some hints that greatly alarmed me ; but next morning he came and made the humblest apology for his conduct,—throwing his conduct upon his state of mind from excess of wine. I got over this, but some lingering devil of jealousy still remained in my bosom.

In a few weeks after this visit, I had a letter from a friend in the Fort, stating that the long-suffering, and long neglected wife of Colonel Cottle had arrived at camp, and was received as his wife. I instantly took a pair of horses, and my servant, and repaired without delay to the Fort, and went without ceremony to the head quarters of my husband.—Ten thousand thunders would not have half so much appalled him. I upbraided him with every epithet my invention could supply. The pale woman grew paler and fainted. I held a pistol to his head and threatened him that if he denied a single word that I should utter, I would blow his brains out. He well knew my resolution. I then left him, and at once having satisfied myself of the fact of his previous marriage, I instantly left Fort George for Albany. The next day a faithful friend was despatched with the offer of an annuity of five hundred pounds a year for life,—this I indignantly refused. The plan I had conceived fired my brain, and took the entire possession of my soul. All the mines of Golconda would not have assuaged my burning wrath.—

Night and day I brooded over my intention with more determination than ever a holy nun took her vows. I waited four months, time enough to have sent to England and have a return to my letters. I forged letters of introduction for my brother to Sir Jeffrey Amherst, and took them to him myself in the disguise of an officer. He received me with great courtesy in consideration of my family connexions. After having dined with him in a splendid uniform, and bearing my part most gallantly, he offered me the appointment of his Aid. I was well educated to every military form of discipline, having acted as scribe to my husband during the whole time we lived together. My chirography was elegant and I could imitate the hand of any one I ever saw write. After I was well established, I encountered my husband, and sent to him, by a friend, a challenge for his treatment of my sister. He was reluctant to fight,—wrote me that he had injured my sister, and had offered her amends. I treated his offers with disdain. At length the preliminaries were settled, and the day was appointed for our meeting. I proposed to my second that we should discharge a pistol at each other at fifteen paces,—and if this were without effect, then we were to draw swords and commence the combat. I knew that I was nearly his equal with the sword, for we had used his foils an hundred times in sport. We met, he looked at me with attention, and said to his second, “I am sure he is her brother, as she informed me that her whole family had teeth which appeared to be double teeth in place of incisors.” He saw them in his opponent. The ground was paced out, and we took our places. We were to fire at the signal given—we fired; I wounded him in the left arm where I wished to hit him. I was willing to leave the combat then—his second would not agree to this, and we drew our swords and measured them. I knew the length of his, and

had prepared myself with one of nearly the same length; mine happened to be an inch shorter; but I preferred my own, when he gallantly offered an exchange. This I refused.—He gave me two slight wounds; this fired my soul, and at the next, onset my sword was successful. All my resentment died within me, when I saw him bleeding at my feet. The man for whom I had left fortune, fame, and friends had expiated all his sins, and had fallen by my hand. His groans pierced my soul—I burst into tears like a very woman. In his pocket was found a provision for me; I never had the heart to claim it, or I might at this day have lived in comfort as a respectable single woman. The next day Sir Jeffrey Amherst lost his Aid, and I was on my way to Albany.—The Colonel was not mortally wounded, he survived the attack. The whole army were entirely unsuspecting.—They pitied Colonel Cottle, but did not blame the brother of an injured woman. My brother's prowess was long talked of, and the highest honor was awarded the opponent of Colonel Cottle. The seconds affirmed that the stranger soldier had fought with an openness and gallantry, as though he wished to be shot, or slain by the sword. Enquiries were made after his sister. She was still at Albany, when the wife of Colonel Cottle came on her way to embark to England. I saw her, and endeavored to give all the consolation I could, assuring her that her husband would live. It was cheering to me to hear her say my brother had behaved in a gallant manner, and that she would not pursue him if she could. I who had struck my sword into his bosom, wept like a child, and most sincerely.

My lover husband had been lavish in furnishing me with diamonds, and pocket money, and I found myself in easy circumstances, if money could make me happy; but it could not, my beloved seducer was sick and wounded. I had done



this justly, as the world would say ; but his image was forever before me. His pale wife came up in my dreams—she reproached me for being her enemy—I repelled her charge with indignation, and always satisfied myself that I was right and had the best of the argument, but my heart still ached at the deed. In this distress I wandered to the town where I shall die, and took humble lodgings, and represented myself as the wife of an officer slain in battle on the frontiers, and to save myself from ennui, proposed to teach a school, this was readily assented to, as no one could doubt my qualifications. I instructed in French, in Geography, History, and all those branches so seldom taught in a small seaport town in America, at that time. The wages were so small and the task so arduous, that I gave it up after a season or two, but with the highest reputation for great learning. The clergy gave me certificates of capacity beyond all the female teachers of the times. I now retired and hired the small house I have occupied for many years. The first part of it in innocence and quiet. I had several times previous to this journeyed to the city of New-York to sell some of my jewels, where I could get about a quarter part of their value ; but where I lived they were worth nothing. I was almost tempted once while there to take a voyage to England ; but could not muster courage for the enterprize, and I of course returned to this town where I expect to rest when *'life's fitful fever is over.'* In this place I found that I had gained the reputation of a witch, which at first I considered as a misfortune ; but when my funds grew scanty, and I never was an economist, I concluded to turn this to account. At first some bold young men consulted me, and then some timid girls. I soon answered their enquiries without difficulty, and so accurately that my prescient wisdom was no longer doubtful. I went on from step to step,

until my fame was established beyond rivalry, and my fees become as regular as a lawyer's, and I had amply enough to maintain myself. It followed that I was consulted by young men and maidens who had involved themselves in any difficulty. I gave them sage advice, and have now the satisfaction of thinking that I saved many from exposure, disgrace and consequent misery. I used my credit for necromancy but to get my living and to do good. I found the world ridiculous enough, and would be deceived, and I deceived them as honestly as I could. When jealous wives come I laughed them out of their jealousy, and to husbands I never acknowledged that a married woman could go astray. My conscience was easy as long as I could live by the honest income of my profession. Sometimes I had both parties in my house at once; while I was advising one the other was hid in my closet; but I never was suspected of playing a double game. The world I found easily gulled, and I found no difficulty in playing my part. I had sustained my reputation with increasing confidence. I was an excellent shot and often astonished the boys by shooting a robin from the apple-trees in the fields near my dwelling, with a single pistol ball. This, indeed, to them, was wonderful, and was set down to my league with the devil; but he had no agency in the affair.

"When my fame was at its zenith, a young gentleman called on me, and disclosed to me that he was deeply in love with a young lady of a respectable but decayed family—but that his proud and wealthy father would not, he knew, consent to the match. I said every thing I could to dissuade him from a hasty match; but my exertions were all in vain: he would marry. I assured him that the planets were unpropitious. My knowledge of astronomy was often of great service to me in my profession. I saw young Greenwood

in six or seven months after his clandestine marriage. He had come to tell me where his wife was, and to leave with me a sum of money, if she should want in his absence. He was then on the eve of sailing for Europe—to remain only a few weeks in London, and then to return as soon as possible. I called to see my young friend's wife—and a lovely being she was. I almost forgave him his folly, on seeing and conversing with her. In a few weeks she became the mother of a boy—and at first promised to do well, but soon the physician informed me that he could not save her. The distress arising from her situation had preyed on her delicate frame—and the absence of her husband completed the victory over her constitution. She died in three weeks after her confinement, leaving the child in my care. She, a day or two previous to her death, put into my hands the miniature of her husband, set in gold and pearls, with all the letters which had passed between them, and the certificate of their marriage;—all of which will be found in the trunk marked in silver letters, *Alice Cottle*, with this narrative and a diamond ring, which I swore never to part with while life remained. To the person to whom I shall give this trunk, I give the ring. The motto on the inside of the ring is—*Ipse dedit, sese dedit*: ‘He who gave this, gave himself.’ I put the child out to nurse, thinking the father would soon return and take care of his boy: but, alas! that boy was never to see his father! The ship he sailed in was lost, with all on board of her but two or three sailors. When the child was nearly three years old, I had exhausted all the money left me, and all the proceeds of his mother's clothes. I could not board him out any longer, but took him to my own house. I had sworn to Greenwood that I would not say any thing to his father about his marriage—and I kept my word. I thought the child might be an amusement to me, or I could have given him away; but he

had been indulged so much by his foster-mother, that I could do nothing with him. My temper led me to severity—and about this time I began to indulge in a pretty free use of gin, which made me more irascible. By degrees, I began to hate the little one, and was in hopes that he would soon be out of my way. He was becoming sick and sulky when the boy I attempted to assassinate found him in my house. I was mortified that the fact of my having him there should be made known; but when the overseers shrunk, and the magistrate quailed, that a woman should venture into the lair of the lioness—*‘the famished lioness with dried udders,’* it was too much for me to bear. I swore everlasting enmity to mother and son, and took every possible pains to destroy them. I have frequently attempted to assassinate both. The religious mother seemed protected by a legion of angels, and moved on with composure amid all my machinations. Suffice it to say, that for years I pursued them without having the least success—baffled, mortified, and often exposed, in so wicked a course. I was inclined to forget all that had passed, and to pass an act of amnesty in my own mind towards them, when I met the matron at the hovel of a fallen woman; the helper came to bring sustenance and religious consolation. I always wore my dagger in my girdle, concealed—and I had made up my mind to leave her a corpse at my feet. I drew my weapon,—but that evil genius who had annoyed me for years—Black Luce—stood behind me, and, arresting my arm, stamped me under her feet in an instant. ‘Imp of hell!’ she cried aloud, ‘are you here?’ The African took her mistress by the hand, and led her out of the hovel. I dared not move a limb. If there ever was a creature that I feared, it was this same negress. At times, I believed that she had, indeed, made that very league with the devil I was suspected to have made. Every where she scoffed at my profession and myself; held

me in utter derision, when no one else dared ; and often predicted events in opposition to my declarations. She had been with her mistress in voyages to the West Indies, and had there been initiated in all the mysteries of the Obeah. I expected now to have been called before a court, to answer for my intended murder ; but the good woman made no complaint, and my intentions were known only to a few. I was penetrated with gratitude at times, at her calm forbearance and zealous wish to preserve my life—as I often heard she said that she hoped that I should live to repent of my course of life.

“ My limbs began to grow old ; and my divinations were now considered as old as my weak frame. The boys hallooed after me in the street, and mocked me, by saying—‘ Your league with the devil is run out !—you have no more power here than we have !’ and others went farther with unseemly phrases. The alms’-house rises to my view ! O God ! this is too much for one of my birth and education ! The paths of vice lead down to hell ! *Mercy ! mercy ! mercy !* ”

Carroll minutely examined every paper relating to Asbury, and instantly sought an opportunity of sending to him. A vessel sailing for Caracas, took a letter for him under cover to Bolivar. Several papers were sent to that and other places, giving enough for Asbury to understand his good fortune, should they reach him. In the course of eight months he returned to his native country ; examined with his friend the letters of his parents, and found the grave of his mother. The rumor went abroad ; the grandparents were dead, but his uncles and aunts were living. One of his father’s sisters having suspected her brother’s marriage at the time it took place, came forward, and identified her brother’s hand-writing, the miniature, &c. ; and every doubt was removed in the family. The days of his birth and bap-

tism were ascertained—and *St. Clair Tracy Greenwood* was taken at once not only into his father's family, but acknowledged by every respectable person in the city. They lavished all the honors upon him that they could bestow—military, civil, and political. He repaired the mansion-house of his paternal ancestors, and built a neat country cottage near the spot where the ashes of his mother reposed. He went further—purchased the field and the hut where Dame Cottle had so long resided, and which was the scene of his infant sufferings, and presented it to the trustees of an ORPHAN ASYLUM, with other donations. He married into a good family, and was cheerful, prosperous, and happy ; and has since been heard to say, that no mortal but one similarly situated could describe the agony of mind, the desolation of soul, that a sensitive being suffers, who is uncertain of his origin, and despairs of ever tracing it out ; that on the smoothest ocean or in the sunniest vale, on the mountain top, or the battle field, the impression that he belonged not to the family of mankind, came over him, and struck every pleasure and every excitement dead.

Carrol sent his diamond to Russia, where it was sold at a great price, being of a large size and of the purest water, and gave the proceeds of the sale (which was brought home in iron and hemp) to the Orphan Asylum, as a fund, the interest of which should for ever be applied to the clothing and proper outfits of those orphans considered of a proper age to become apprentices, or to go out into the world.

It has often been remarked, that Greenwood has never breathed a word against Dame Cottle, notwithstanding his head bears marks to this day of her brutality. Forgiveness can only be perfect in the breasts of those who have suffered. The Great Author of our holy religion became "*a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief*," that his compassion and mercy should be co-extensive with the sins of mankind.

## THE SOLDIER-SCHOOL-MASTER.

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"Where God gives an employment, he gives the requisite capacity—*Turkish Aphorism.*"

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"Ours be the gentler wish, the kinder task,  
To give the tribute, Glory need not ask,  
To mourn the vanish'd beams, and add one mite  
Of praise, in payment of a long delight."

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WHEN the American Revolution commenced, all grades of men flew to arms, and gave up their common occupations to defend their country. The farmer, the trader, the school-master, the lawyer, and the physician went to the wars.—Seven years thinned their ranks; but when the storm was over, there were many of them left. The cultivator of the soil and the mechanic were soon again busy in the walks of civil life; but there were some who being too proud to dig, and who were ashamed to beg, found it difficult to find employment. Many of them, as soon as schools could be established, engaged in the business of teaching children.—Schools had been so long neglected, that no very high attainments were requisite for the profession of a pedagogue.

Their pay was indeed scanty, but there was some pleasure in it, as they had, in this capacity, some authority still left, and from many had some share of respect. Among those who had left merchandize to take a commission in the army, was Mr. Jacob Perrin. He was a whig and patriot in every pulse of his heart. He was prodigal of his property in the cause of freedom, and never thought of his own wants, while his country was straitened for means to carry on the war. It was not wonderful that Captain Perrin left the army destitute of every thing but honor. After leaving Newburgh at the close of the war, with a small bundle of Continental paper money in his pocket, made his way for New Hampshire.— As he crossed the bleak hill of Berkshire in Massachusetts, he thought that he would buy a horse to ride home upon; but his paper money was here so depreciated that he was obliged to pay an hundred and fifty dollars for a breakfast, and after that rate for all the necessaries of travelling; and by the time he reached home, his pockets were empty even of the trash itself. It was late at night when he came to his house. The house dog growled at him as a stranger; but knocking several times at the door, a man let him in and enquired his business. He replied, "I am an officer just returned from the army, and am on my way to join my family." "You must be hungry," said the house-keeper. "I am," was the reply. A good supper was soon furnished, for the people were in general very grateful to those who had gone out to fight the battles of their country. He ate heartily, for he had travelled with great rapidity to spend the night at home. The master of the house saw the fatigue and sadness of his guest, but forbore to question him about the wars that night, and kindly showed the Captain to his bed-room. It was one in which he had slept many years, and he did not know why his family was not there; but



brave as he was, he dared not make any enquiry. At breakfast table the Captain enquired what had become of the family that formerly lived there. The present possessor gave the Captain the details of all that had befallen Captain Perrin's family, for several years past. "When the Captain went away," said he, "there was a small mortgage on these premises, but he held other mortgages more than sufficient to pay it off, and left it in charge with one of his friends to make these mortgages balance each other; but he did no such thing; but went and paid the mortgage held by the Captain to his wife in depreciated paper, which came to almost nothing in her hands, and purchasing the mortgage on the Captain's farm demanded Spanish milled dollars to cancel it. The specie could not be obtained, and he at once sued out the mortgage, and took possession by no fair management. I believe," said the narrator, "that this hastened Mrs. Perrin out of the world." This was the first moment the Captain had heard of the death of his wife. He was silent, but the woman of the house who was a listener to the dialogue, from more acutely observing the emotion of the stranger, exclaimed by way of surprise, "are not you Captain Perrin?" "I am the bereaved man," was the reply. "Why didn't you make yourself known to us?" said the woman, "you should have had every thing the house afforded." "I have been sufficiently well treated," said the Captain; being so much relieved as to pursue his enquiries, he found out all the circumstances in regard to his family. His three boys, the eldest then only nineteen, were then at several miles distant, gathering a fine harvest of Indian corn, from burnt land. The boys, driven on their resources, when their father's farm was taken from them, thought of a tract of wild land then in possession of the family, and at once commenced a clearing. They had, the year before, camped

in the woods with a few pounds of meat and bread, and felled twenty-five acres of a heavy growth of trees, and burning it in the spring of 1783, had a fine crop of corn, which had been gathered for some weeks, and safely stacked at this period; and were now, he was told, harrowing in the rye. The captain only waited to get a little refreshed, and then took his way to his wild land, and had an affecting meeting with his children; he found them grown sturdy fellows, who were to work like beavers for themselves, and for one unmarried sister. As he entered their camp, he saw that they had made a comfortable dwelling of it. There he found a Bible, Watts' Psalms and Hymns, and a few sermons of reputed orthodoxy, which looked as if they had been thoroughly read. The youngest son, a playful, honest little rogue, had some difficulty in hiding Robinson Crusoe, and Gulliver's travels; but his father saw him making the attempt, and smiling said, "there is no harm in those books, my son, if you read them aright." Here the Captain fared sumptuously for several days. The new corn was pounded for hominy, and the boys had made a good quantity of maple sugar, which made an excellent dish for one who had had soldier's fare for so long a time. On returning to the village, the Captain looked about him for employment for the winter, as he abhorred all idleness. There was at that time, a great call for wooden heels for women's shoes, such as were generally worn at that time covered with leather, and looking at a pair of these heels, he soon thought of an invention, that would make them with great rapidity and more accurately than they had heretofore been. This succeeded well, as he kept the invention to himself, as there was no patent laws in the United States at that day. He had learned among the Indians in the western part of the State of New-York to dress deer-skins, sheep-skins, &c., in the moccasin style.—

After exhibiting a few specimens, the demand for these skins was constant, and paid well for the dressing. The industrious Captain was, with his children, going on very well in these jobs, when he was called upon by that important body, a committee from a school district to hire a master. The Captain was reputed a good reader, and his chirography was certainly very good. After some hesitation and reflection, he was advised by his friends to accept of the appointment, and on the first day of January, 1784, began his labor as a pedagogue. From squad to squad, as a school district used then to be called, he kept for a dozen years, about eight months in the year, and cultivated a garden in the summer season, was thrifty and happy, having realized something from his commutation, with which, and his earnings he purchased a pretty farm. The children were prosperous, having in addition to farming, from the first of their father's leather dressing, become tanners and curriers, then a very profitable business. He had kept school from 1784 to 1798 when the writer first became acquainted with him, and was put under his instruction. He was then a man well to do, wore a fine cocked beaver, a gold headed cane,—and there was more creak in his shoes than any other gentlemen in the parish, for he wore a very clean pair every day. As a war was impending over our country, he subscribed an hundred dollars as a donation for building armed vessels, and had taken a thousand dollars in the loan authorized by government for the purpose of increasing our navy. When his friends remonstrated at this, and reminded him how ungratefully the country had acted towards those war-worn veterans who had served her interests in the revolutionary war, and touched upon the hardness of his own case in particular, he replied, "a patriot should never give up his country for the most unkind treatment, but hold on to pro-

tect her as long as he would the mother who bore him. All were not then so particular, as they could not get the pittance due them for long past services.

It was on the nineteenth day of January the school opened as is remembered as being our twelfth birth day. In a large coarse school house, that morning there were seated in due order, about ninety scholars of both sexes, who arose as the master entered. He was a tall, spare man, on whom time had begun to press, but he was still agile, and full of animal spirits. He bade us good morning with the ease and manners of a gentleman, and set about classing us, but we had classed ourselves, knowing each other better than a stranger. The master spoke to us as one having authority, as well he might, for our committee had given him eight dollars a month, and better board than he was in the habit of getting; never more than six dollars a month had been previously given. The scholars sooner became acquainted with the character of their instructor, than masters do of the talents of their pupils. The Soldier-School-Master had the reputation of being an excellent reader; he had a fine sonorous voice, of great compass, and it was well modulated; he read with great volubility, but was not very correct in his pronunciation or careful of a right accentation, but his emphasis, however misplaced, was bold and full, which gave a strength and force to his reading. He made his pause, after the light of nature, although he knew enough of the theory of punctuation, to tell the difference between a comma and a period, but never thought of them after he had defined them. His memory was then strong, and of course he was a good speller. In History and Geography, he was better versed than most of his contemporaries, and he possessed an ample store house of anecdote, particularly of the revolutionary war, which, he told with great effect. His arithmetic was scanty;

the Golden Rule of Three was the *Ultima Thule* of his science of numbers. He thought it was a waste of time to go farther. When once asked what was understood by the word Algebra, he rubbed his forehead a moment and then said, "*he believed it was arithmetic or figures, diving into letters, like a Pinguin into water, to come up the same thing in another place, a little disguised.*" Many a hard question has been answered with less ingenuity than this.

The discipline of his school was military. The boys marched in and out of school in single file. They were divided into companies and battalions, forming his regulars as he called them. Every offence of any magnitude, was tried by a court-martial, properly organized as a court of honor. A judge advocate was appointed, and charges and specifications made to the master who appointed the court. It was often amusing to see with what accuracy the young scholars would go through the forms and get at the justice of the case. He had drilled several of his scholars, who trained the others until all were quite at home, in the manual exercise and all company manœuvres. The two best scholars of the week were the two captains for the next week. Regular returns were made to the master every Saturday, and he knew who had been to school constantly or not. One hour each day was spent in reading history. This was done by four or five good readers while the others were listening. The best readers were selected, and all were emulous to be in the class of history readers. Interesting biographies were also introduced. When particular portions of Ramsay's History of the Revolution were read, the old soldier was all alive to the subject, and made copious remarks to his school upon the minutiae of them. The biographies of many of the heroes of the revolution had not then been written, but something of most of them was known

to him, and he detailed all he knew to his boys. Such was the enthusiasm which this course produced, that in a few months there was hardly a child of either sex in the school who could not say something on most of the questions which were proposed one Saturday to be answered the next Saturday, having probably obtained assistance from home. In fact, he so managed his school that all the families in the district, doctor, lawyer, and all were put upon their studies, and did the best they could in assisting the children to appear well in this branch. Plutarch's Lives were next introduced, and read by males and females as well as the other books, the master selecting such as were to be read in public.— These volumes were in constant requisition in school, for they were studied by those who had gone through their regular lessons. The parents of the children proposed to the old soldier that several sets should be purchased, he at once objected to this, saying that as soon as all had books, the interest for reading them would diminish; the only way to make them learn fast was from the above method, then every one was anxious for his turn, and brought his attention to the work to gain as much as another had in the same space of time, and more if possible. The parents yielded to this reasoning.

The old soldier wrote imaginary dialogues between Generals of armies, whether they lived in the same age with each other or not. These imaginary dialogues were handed around the school, in a skeleton form, any one had a right to introduce a new character, if it were in keeping with the others, and many were ambitious to join in the dialogue, which after many incongruities went off very well.— As the spring was advancing, the snow being still deep, the old soldier imparted to his school the design of a grand military fete. He laid out a plan for it. He marked out the

place near the school-house for a large fort; he had once been distinguished in the defence of a fortress, and this thought was always uppermost in his head. The erection of the works was a joint labor, and was soon accomplished. It was built with large snow masses rolled when the sun was warm at noon day, and piled one upon another, and fashioned with mechanical exactness, until the works were finished. The rear of the fort was to be unassailable; but from which the besieged might make a sortie if they saw proper. The parties to fill the works, and the assailants were arranged. There were two favorite boys selected, or rather designated as leaders; one was Archibald Duncan, a stripling of ardent temperament, daring, generous, and full of resources,—the other, Stafford Harper, a lad of a year or two older, cautious, mild, industrious, but selfish. The latter was the highest favorite of the school-master, but he was obliged in justice to acknowledge that Duncan was the greatest boy. Harper with one third of the forces was to defend the fort, and Duncan with the other part was to attack it. The young ladies wrought a standard, on which they painted this motto: "FOR THE CONQUERORS." A day was fixed for the fight, and all were ready. As they left the school-house, the flag was seen floating on the battlements of the fort. Harper said to Duncan, as they marched out, "the ides of March have come;" "yes," was the reply, "but not gone." A huge conch shell, a common instrument then used to call the workmen from their labors to their meals, was sounded from the ranks of the assailants, with a demand of surrender.—This was, of course, refused, with terms of defiance. As the assailants retired, they had heard the master issue the order, "hang out the banner on the outer wall,"—when Duncan said to his comrades, "they shall see Burnam wood come down to Dunsinane." Duncan had summoned his forces,

when all were unsuspecting, and rolled large masses of snow into balls, and put birch poles under them, in order that they might be easily removed. These were brought by the sturdiest of the assailants, and placed under the walls of the fort, grown compact by the frost. This was effected only by a slight annoyance from the snow balls of the garrison, the only weapon allowed to be used against the persons of each party. In a few moments the conch rang again, and Duncan's main army appeared, each with a mighty load of hemlock branches in his arms. In their rear was a corps of little boys, each bearing a lever or handspike, made of hornbeam wood, cut to a sharp wedge at the largest end. The branches were thrown on the snow balls, just placed as steps to reach the battlements of the fortification, which by the addition of these hemlock fascines, enabled the assailants to raise their heads high enough to throw their hand snow-balls directly into the works. These had been made several days before, and were hardened by the frost of several nights, although unknown to Harper's party. His balls were soft and had but little effect. Those in the fort could not sustain themselves against those frozen balls, and the orders of Duncan were strictly obeyed to bring down the leader,—when the whole fire was directed to him, he could not support it, but fled, and his forces followed. Duncan with his own hand seized the standard, and shouted victory. This war-cry fell like a death blow on the ears of the veteran, who seizing his cane ran into the fort deserted by the whole garrison, but the fire did not cease. In a paroxysm of rage he breasted it all. Duncan now gave orders for the *demolishers* to seize their weapons. The little boys advanced and handed to the big ones the formidable weapons. The work of destruction began. The veteran exclaimed, "Spare! O, spare the fort!" The boys looked at Duncan, whose orders



were to be obeyed. In fifteen minutes there was nothing of the noble fortress to be seen, but a mass of snow and ice, without form or comeliness. The morning sun had shone on a beautiful specimen of art. The veteran was half suffocated in the ruins, and laid his cane about him most furiously. Several of the assailants, and Duncan among others, had felt its weight; he paid no regard to this, but ordered two of his warriors to conduct the master into the school-house. A bag of salt was brought forward, and strewed over the ruins in classical style. When the battle was over, Duncan formed his forces left in front, to enter the school-house—the banner in the centre. Uncertain what would be the temper of the chafed veteran, Duncan engaged several of his athletic boys to favor his escape, if any personal violence was offered him. The little rosy cheeked, laughingurchins entered first; when the banner appeared the females arose and cheered the victor, waving their handkerchiefs to welcome his approach. The veteran stood by his desk, and Duncan and the efficient part of his forces, occupied the area in front of the desks,—when he thus addressed the Commander-in-Chief: “General, the forces under my command have been signally victorious. The garrison of Fort Katharine, (named in honor of the Empress of Russia who had built a palace of ice,) have fled to neutral ground in dismay, and the works are in ruins. The proud banner that floated on the “outer wall,” shall now be laid at your feet. In this triumph we regret to say that when the garrison fled, a veteran hero, unknown to your officers, made his appearance and fought like Cæsar, until he was buried in the ruins. His remains have been recovered, and I now ask your permission to give him the funeral of a Feld Marshall, over his remains I will pronounce an oration, in humble imitation of Anthony over the dead body of the mighty Julius.” The

smallest child caught the drift of the speech, and the whole school were in a roar of laughter. The master was now in a good humor, and declared that he had the pleasure of announcing to the victorious legion, that the veteran had recovered from his suffocation, and would decline the honor of a military funeral at the present time; but when the proper time should arrive no one could do more honor to the merits of an officer, than Captain Duncan. "Crown the victor," was the order from the desk, when nine young ladies approached and dropped the laurel crown on the stripling's head. The veteran then detailed the circumstances of the fight, and gave Duncan great credit in combining the principles of several battles in an admirable manner, and defended every act of the assailants on honorable grounds. He saved the feelings of Harper, whose face bore marks of stiffened snow balls, by saying that no one could have expected such a tremendous attack.

The master and scholars and their parents were invited to Duncan's father's house that evening, for a little jollification, to make up all things, in order to go on again smoothly; for a very different result was prognosticated by many of the knowing ones in the district, who had seen the veteran smile and wink when the subject had been mentioned—and it had been talked of for several days previously. The party was large, and all seemed to enjoy it. Duncan introduced Harper to his father and family, and appointed him to open the dance. Old Pompey, who had fiddled for five or six generations, was sent for, and he came in full glee—as the harper who sung the "Lay of the Last Minstrel." He was infirm and old, but he had been a warrior, and was senior to all around him. "They were boys," he said, "to him. He had played at their fathers' weddings." The school-master came also to partake of the hilarity, and made

himself quite agreeable. Notwithstanding, some of the aged dames would make some smiling allusion to his feat of bravery in the fortress. Duncan never alluded to the fight, but charged his forces not in any way to even glance at the subject. This was a difficult task for them to perform—but they did as well as they could, and much better than they would have done if Duncan's eye had not been on them. At twelve o'clock at night the party broke up. The sleigh bells ginged—and, like sprites, they were on the wing. The veteran was invited to spend the night with the family. As Duncan took the lamp to show Captain Perrin his bed-chamber, the sage thus addressed his pupil: "Duncan—this is the first day of your fame: I would not prevent you from seeking for an exalted reputation; but, let it be founded on good will to man and a love of your country: all other glory will be like the expiring lamp you hold in your hand—extinct by the next breath of time. But, a patriot's grave holds no common dust. I have marked the times, my son, and not one in twenty who bled for our independence, has, or ever will have, a grave-stone to designate the spot where his ashes may rest. But, call not your country ungrateful: the day will come when their resting-places shall be sought for—and to have been a soldier of the revolution will be an honorable distinction, and perhaps an heritage to their descendants. Futurity opens to my view—and I see the day fast coming when our country shall rise in her justice and majesty to do what is right to us who are now suffering and repining. New paths of glory will be open to the rising generation. You will be called to take a share. Act well your part—and whether you sleep on the bed of honor, or rise to political eminence, or grasp the wreaths of military glory, let honor be your guide, and love of country your principle. Good night. My blessing rest upon you."

Duncan retired to bed, but not to sleep. He did not know that he was very ambitious or vain; but, for the first time, he now stretched his views forward, in contemplating his future course of life; and so many paths seemed opened upon him, that he was at a loss to know which to choose. One seemed dark and dreary for awhile, and then became lighter and smoother; others opened in a flood of light, but seemed at last to lead to dismal swamps, full of crocodiles and venomous serpents. There were some few who looked vigorous and strong, far up the mountain side. "I will," said he, "follow them—for at that elevation they have a good survey of the country, and can better judge which pathway to select. This mountain must exhibit the heights of knowledge to which I must climb before I am called upon to judge." With this explanation (satisfactory to his own mind) he sunk to repose.

Captain Perrin continued in the same occupations for many succeeding years, with the same zeal, if not with the same energy and effect; every day growing thrifty by his industry and prudence. He wept bitterly when he saw some of his old companions in arms, who had spent their time, since the close of the war, in idleness and in useless complaining. The broken-down soldier, however, found sustenance at the captain's hospitable mansion, and never was turned from the door, even if the master was not there, naked or hungry. His orders were permanent, and strictly obeyed. He was often the means of putting some of these objects of charity in a way of earning their bread: this made him truly happy. He felt the ingratitude of the nation, but he hated to hear of it, for he always found that the greatest grumbler was the idlest man. He frequently prophesied that the nation would one day awake, and make some display of justice, however late.

When we trace the growth of a people, we are often led to remark how many impressions on society one individual may leave. This school-master in a new country, by a playful display of military prowess and a love of military men, elicited a spirit which, perhaps, ages may not extinguish. Duncan was a general officer on the frontiers in the war of 1812, and has frequently been heard to observe, that many of the best officers he had under him, he found had been educated in Captain Perrin's military school in the section of the country from whence he came. They were brave, well disciplined, and full of patriotism. Such is education.

The soldier-school-master lived to reach his eighty-sixth year : saw his country prosperous and happy—and at last had the pleasure of receiving his military pension, which he divided among his grandchildren, as their patrimony, in order to see them flourishing while he was living. The captain died in his chair on the 3rd of July, while looking on the moon and stars of a clear and brilliant night, and enquiring what preparations had been made for the morrow—the anniversary of the glorious Declaration of Independence. Being told that a regiment would be out for parade, and for an escort to the civil procession, he seemed pleased ; and, on hearing the name of the orator of the day—one of his former pupils—he exclaimed, with great animation, “ *I taught that boy ; he will do well ; his country's history is familiar to him.* ” It was his last sentence ; the martial spirit of the patriot had burst from its earthly habitation : he had expired without a sigh.

“ So sleep the brave, who sink to rest,  
With all their country's honor blest.”

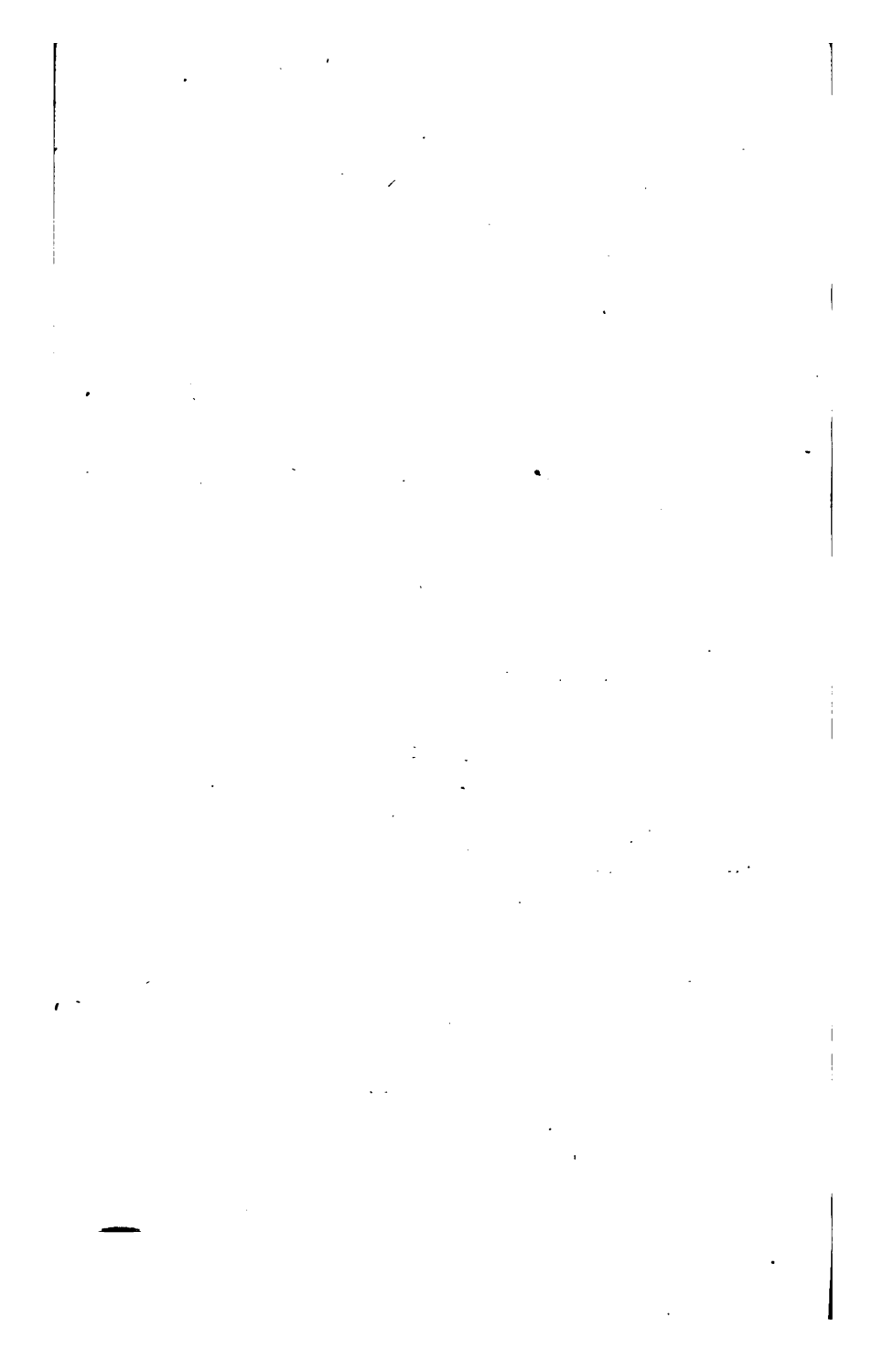
On the morning of the 4th, the troops began to assemble at the dawn of day. The highest officer on the parade

ground at sunrise was Sergeant Johnson—who was every inch a soldier. He was proud of his rank, and held it for many years, refusing promotion—preferring rather to be considered the first non-commissioned officer in the State, to any other post of honor. He was the favorite of all who knew him. He had heard of the death of Captain Perrin as he came on in the night-time to be first on the parade ground. At sunrise he mounted a stump, having formed his men into a hollow square, and thus communicated the sad intelligence:—

“*Attention, the whole!* Comrades—I have the melancholy duty to inform you, that the veteran Captain Jacob Perrin has grounded his arms here, to be transferred to a more select corps in another world. He died last night, talking of independence and freedom—and *lies free among the dead*. I have heard father tell (and father knew) that the old captain went out to fight as cool as a cucumber—fought it out like a dragon—and sat quiet when it was all over: enquired for the dead and missing, and if any thing could be done for the wounded; and, after seeing to all things, he drew his sword, and laid it under his head, and took a little horizontal repose, in order to refresh himself for a new summons. He never minded the whistling of balls—it was music to his ears. He turned out on hearing of the battle of Lexington, and never left the army until he saw the last red coat at New York. He stood by General Washington firm as a rock, when some of the discontented were for ‘cutting up shines’ at Newburg. He was too much of a soldier to get into a scrape against discipline—too much of a patriot to curse his country, when it would do no good—and too wise to ask the Congress for pay, when they had not a dollar to help themselves with. When he came home, (poor as a church mouse,) he was not too proud to go to work, but laid

right hold, as a man who intended to earn his bread and cheese before he eat it. He had not a drop of idle blood in his veins. He never went loitering to a 'grog shop to get a dram for telling a story—but, when he was there, he treated all. Not that he was caught there often; but, at his house he was always a prince. I don't know enough of other military officers to make comparisons; but this I can say—that all the old revolutionaries used to say, that he was a Joe Warren of a fellow—and that, I think, is saying enough. For my part, I used to think that I had got something to compare the captain to, and not a homely comparison neither: it was to a famous knife belonging to father; it was great in the meat way; it was excellent in cutting stalks—and for whittling, it was the best in all the country: it was forever in service. A few turns on the grindstone would always put it in order. It grew thin on the back, and decayed at the edge, but was always 'cute, until, in hard service, it snapped in two, when father picking up the parts, saved them to make a razor. And I believe that the old captain will go through a new forge, and be made something wonderfully bright. When our colonel comes, he will make you a speech as sweet as a good band of music playing on the water in a moonlight night;—but nobody will ever love the captain better than Sergeant Johnson."

Here ended the harangue of the sergeant—and, homely as it was, it brought tears into the eyes of the soldiers. Of the colonel's eulogy we have no copy—but the speech of the sergeant our memory has faithfully retained. Such were the men who fought out the battles of the revolution for our country, and made a part of her strength and virtues when the fight was done.





## THE SPECTRE BEAUTY.

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"Ye guardian spirits, to whom man is dear,  
From all foul demons shield the midnight gloom!  
Angels of fancy and of love, be near,  
And o'er the blank of sleep diffuse a bloom!"

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"What time the moon had hung her lamp on high,  
And pass'd in radiance through the cloudless sky,  
Sad o'er the dews, the 'Spectre Beauty' came."

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It has been the belief in every age and nation, that man has a mortal and an immortal part; and that when these are separated by death, the corporeal part descends to mingle with the dust from which it came, and the spiritual ascends to the Source from which it emanated. This spiritual part, under many names, is one and the same substance, whether called manes, ghosts, shades, spectres, &c. There has been, and still is, a belief that the unincumbered spirit is sometimes permitted to walk the earth for extraordinary purposes. The nations of antiquity had a great reverence for the dead, and the most affectionate ceremonies were regarded in funerals. Besides being embalmed, the buried dead of Egypt often slept in costly edifices built to secure their repose. The general impression among them was, that the shades of those suffered to remain on earth unburied

and unblest by religious funeral rites, wandered an hundred years on the banks of the Styx, before they could induce the unaccommodating boatman, Charon, to ferry them across his dark waters. These mysteries of the imagination have come down to the present day, through the most enlightened nations of the Pagan world. The Greeks and Romans refined upon the Egyptian religious mysteries, but their essentials were retained. Patriotism and military glory were, in the minds of these intelligent and warlike people, connected with funeral honors, and these with the repose of the soul. The Greeks and the Romans, although believers in the appearance of departed spirits, did not imagine that they were called up on trivial occasions. The ghosts of those who remained unburied, Timotheus brought to the monarch's view in the "feast for Persia won," had only to complain that they remained unburied; this was sufficient to whet his vengeance: the shade of mighty Cæsar only arose to shake the assassin's soul. The stern courage and hardihood of the ancients would not suffer the nurseries of their children to be filled with the chimeras of the imagination; and if the seeds of superstition are not implanted in the youthful mind, they are seldom found in the adult. After the decline and fall of the Roman empire, and the Christian religion was established in a great part of Europe, it must be confessed that superstition was rapidly on the increase. The superstitions of the enlightened ancients were not lost, but were mingled with those of rude nations, and assumed in most instances less lovely forms. The Druidial forms of religious worship were full of superstitions borrowed from still more remote ages. The northern nations had their fierce and bloody mysteries: necromancers, enchanters, and wizards, were a part of these creatures of fiction, and held a formidable sway over the minds of men. These superstitions took a cast from

the character of the people among whom they were found. While, among the Scandinavians, Odin drank his wine-blood from the skulls of his enemies, and shook the mountains with the thunders of his voice, the refined Arabian placed the parent of their ever busy genii, who generally labored to do good, in the placid form of a monstrous egg, on the lofty heights of Mount Caucasus. All their imaginations were full of meaning. This white egg was an historical emblem; for, from that region, came the white race of men now called the Caucasian race; and who are now masters of the world—holding the first rank in the scale of human beings, in form and intellect, as well as in physical power. The superstitions of our ancestors underwent a new revolution during the crusades; but, the imagination gained by an acquaintance with the taste of the East, on the one hand, while it lost by the great prevalence in the belief of witchcraft which about that time began to be general. The destruction of the two higher orders of the Druids gave the most inferior order, from which sprung the weird sisters, a chance to diffuse the dregs of this once sublime worship through the grades of ignorance and crime.

• When our ancestors first came to this country, notwithstanding all their piety and firm reliance on Providence, they brought with them all the floating superstitions of the mother country. From generation to generation these were handed down, hardly ever running along with the common currents of knowledge, but, as it were, in subterranean channels, and only at particular times coming to the surface of the earth;—as in the delusion of 1692, when several innocent persons suffered death on the gallows, from the fanaticism of the age. The reaction then experienced, checked all the open evils arising from these superstitions; but still, a belief that wicked spirits were allowed at times to walk

the earth, lingered in the land. Even when fashion had made it ungenteel to talk of witches, there was no canon against a belief in ghosts. This was thought by many pious guides of life to be beneficial. It might restrain many from evil deeds, to believe that a departed friend had the power to overlook our actions : but, every species of deception, however honestly intended, is wrong. This species of belief, by sleeping so long, was hardly supposed to exist by many ; but, like the elemental fire of nature, when awoke by friction and fanned by fresh breezes, was found to pervade the whole mass of minds in greater or less degrees.

In a well-educated country town, a sexton who had labored so long in his vocation that he was callous as to the person who might sleep in the house he built for doomsday, went one warm night in the month of August, when the moon was shining bright as day, to dig a grave, to save the labor of working under a warm sun. While he was amusing himself with humming a tune, and probably congratulating himself on having planted successive generations in the regions round about, and dreaming of continuing his trade until the then living were gone, left his spade and mattox in a nearly finished work, to take a drop of cooling comfort which he had prepared to solace himself with, as fatigue overtook him. Like his predecessor in Hamlet, he threw out a skull. He recollected that thirty years before, he had deposited the body of one Loomis Mattox in that very place ; and, on taking it into his hands, knew it at once. "Well, Old Mat," he muttered to himself, "your scraping and shaving, your screwing and cheating, did not do you any good. Heaven support me ! how I should like to tell you, if you could understand it, where you are ;—a place where I should not wish to be ! How your dollars went in law-suits—all the parties cursing your memory, as they lost their causes !

O, I recollect how the lawyers did talk of you before the jury ! but, thank God, I did not tell them how you cheated me out of half a summer's work, and, according to your account, I owed you when I dug your grave ; but I knew better—and have had my revenge—for, when I wanted to hide a dead negro for a day or two, for the doctor, I have made use of your grave, as it was easy digging, and I did not care a cent for disturbing you ; I knew you could not touch me. I believe that such an old miser as you were could not appear to a dog !” As he was soliloquizing, he threw the skull aside, saying aloud, “Lie there !—I will keep your old skull above ground ; I will make you do some good : I will give you to the doctor, that you may hang up in his office to make among others a show of his caring nothing for death : and faith, although he is considered skilful, I don't think he does much—for he often says to me, ‘Bill, get ready—he will drop away about day-break ;’ and it always happens so, unless I steal in and give the poor sick fellow some of my medicine—and then sometimes he gets well ; but, between me and the moon, I must say, that he more often gets off before the time : but it is all one—for I never get credit for it if I cure ; and, however, if I don't, nobody is the wiser for it.”

After this soliloquy, Bill turned his head to the flight of steps which led into and out of the grave-yard, and saw a ghost rise from the street and descend into the yard. He gazed for a moment, when his courage forsook him, and he uttered a scream, and fled—leaving skull and the tools of his trade where they were lying when he was muttering to himself ; nor did he return until the sun had dried every dew-drop from the grass—when he brought off the skull.

After the funeral that day, Bill told the story of the ghost, and added—“If the ghost had come in the shape of Old

Mattox, I would have made fight before I would have left *my farm for him.*" As this story was noised about, the young men would make Bill tell it over a glass of liquor; and he always said he was willing to take his Bible oath of it. Not long after this, two young women coming from a neighboring friend's, (where they had been waiting in hopes to see a long absent relation that night, expected to visit his home, from a long voyage) declared that *they* had seen a ghost precisely where the sexton had seen one before. These young ladies were highly respectable, and not given to superstition. They told the story with so much exactness, that many were inclined to believe that this apparition was out of the common course of those created by the fears of the timid. The young ladies of a female academy in the village took up the subject, and hunted up every ghost story that had been preserved in tradition or print—and they were becoming so timid and ridiculous, that the guardians of the institution began to think that something must be done to check the progress of this disease of credulity, which at once affected their pursuits and their minds. The clergyman of the parish was a venerable divine, who had passed his seventieth year; of a sound mind and body, learned and philosophic, and far above the superstitions of any age. He set about stemming the delusion—and, on a Sunday afternoon, gave notice that he should, on the next Lord's Day, preach upon supernatural agency, and intimated most strongly that the late wonderful reports were occasioned by some successful delusion played off by wags, who wished to disturb the quiet of the parish. The next Sunday the church was crowded—people coming from all quarters to hear the learned doctor on such a subject. He took for his text a part of two verses in the 44th chapter of Genesis:—

"Is not this the cup in which my lord drinketh, and whereby, indeed, he divineth?"

"Wot ye not, that such a man as I can certainly divine?"

The learned divine entered deeply into the mysteries and arts of the Egyptians—which all who believed or not, were bound to treat with profound reverence; and Joseph, who was so near the king, was under the necessity of keeping the cup of divination in his hand, as one of the inspired among the Egyptian rulers, to give force to advice, and authority to commands; but there is no instance on record of his using his cup of divination, except to alarm his brethren, to bring them to remorse and penitence for their former cruelty to himself and father. The history of the plagues, from the pen of Moses, leaves no impression on the mind that the magicians, and soothsayers, and diviners, were any more than learned men, who practised mysterious arts to awe the ignorant, by the appearance of supernatural agency. He next proceeded to grapple with the witch of Endor—a subject which he confessed was the toughest bit of magic contained in the Scriptures; but he nevertheless went to work to demolish her pretensions, without ceremony. He contended, that if she had possessed a familiar spirit, and that of a high order, why did she not know Saul, even in his disguise? To prove that it was a deception—when a miracle was really wrought, to bring up the shade of the prophet, the witch of Endor was as much surprised as the monarch of Israel: the spirit of righteous Samuel forboded every thing of ill to the foolish king—perhaps in part for the impiety of his inquiry. “I do not love,” said the preacher, “to trust much to verbal criticism: I prefer to take the broad grounds of general reasoning in the discussion of a subject, but, if I were to make a critical remark upon the Hebrew language, I should say, that the term used for *witch*, meant a professor of necromancy, rather than a necromancer. The laws of every land since that time, have been against tellers of fortunes and pretenders to the familiar art. No tolerance

of witchcraft grew out of this case ; nor is there any evidence, from this instance, that there ever was any thing like spiritual agency acknowledged by the wise men of Israel, but such as came from other quarters. Our ancestors blundered over this text, from a want of liberal feeling, and deep and fair canons of criticism ; and the commentaries of Cotton Mather do not weigh as much as the dust of the balance in the minds of any enlightened men. The priests of ancient days were condemned—and we boast our superiority over them : and why do we assume all this superiority ?—because we say that we are wiser than they. Do we show this wisdom, by encouraging superstition ? Omnipotence wastes no efforts ; every end is brought about by regular means, unless the objects to be obtained are beyond the common laws of nature. When God suffers miracles to be wrought by the plenitude of his power, it is for reasons wise and just. What object could heaven have in sending the apparition of a woman into our grave-yard, unto those who suppose they have seen a spectre ? Has this spirit made any communication which will go to show the perpetration of crimes *unstripped of justice* ? Were there spots of blood on the grave-clothes she wore ? Has any one suddenly disappeared from the country about us, whose death could not be rationally accounted for by the common laws of dissolution ? Do not, my hearers, be deceived by these idle tales : rest awhile, and the whole thing will be made plain to you. I am now passed the ordinary boundaries of human life, and I can safely say, that all the stories of supernatural agency which I have heard of, when thoroughly examined, have all been accounted for upon known principles.”

The preacher called upon his christian auditors to brace up their minds to a reliance on God, and not stand trembling under the fear of demons, ghosts, spirits, or any of the spec-



the creation—who are all born of weak nerves, and encouraged by weak brains, and, from the best authenticated stories, make their appearance for trifling purposes. “According to popular belief, they have no power over the good; and our Saviour has said, that ‘*If ye believe not Moses and the prophets, neither would ye if one were raised from the dead.*’ Go, keep a watch over your actions; bring them to the acceptance of God; purify your hearts, and prepare them for the abode of every holy feeling,—and no spectres will ever dance before *your* eyes. Virtue is a talisman, my dear young ladies, that will preserve you if you were surrounded by an hundred spectres. Even the visions of antiquity taught this—and shall not Christianity teach as much as the Pagan muse or Pagan priests? If your imaginations must be peopled with supernatural thoughts, turn from monkish legends and vulgar stories. Dismiss your witches, riding through the air on a vile stick, or interfering with the ordinary processes of household affairs—and fill your memories with such images as are given by Milton in the *Mask of Comus*. Milton, who stamped the genius of antique thought with images of revelation—who coursed other worlds with a seraph’s wing, and sung their wonders on a seraph’s harp—sweetly says,—

‘So dear to heav’n is saintly chastity,  
That when a soul is found sincerely so,  
A thousand liveried angels lackey her—  
Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt;  
And in clear dream, and solemn vision,  
Tell her of things that no gross ear can hear;  
Till oft converse with heav’nly ‘habitants  
Begin to cast a beam on th’ outward shape,  
(The unpolluted temple of the mind)  
And turns it, by degrees, to the soul’s essence,  
Till all be made immortal.’

“Raise and exalt your minds, and leave the dreams of the vulgar to sink as they arose—in the fens and marshes of

stagnant intellects. The ignis-fatuus was never seen in pure mountain air : the deceiving vapor that shines with a phosphorous glare, skims along the low, sour, and unhealthy grounds ; so in the moral world we find in uncultivated minds these sketchy, dreamy, miserable vapors of the brain,"

The sermon undoubtedly had its effect. The young ladies looked much brighter than they had a day or two before, when the ghost story was at its height ; and many sat down to examine the numerous passages of Scripture that the good old man had quoted. It was thought that the subject would soon die away—but in the course of three or four days the story began to float again. John Frink—a dissipated young man—returning, towards morning, from tavern indulgences, was sadly frightened at an apparition near the same place. He went before a magistrate, and made affidavit to the fact ; but this was not very satisfactory to the sober part of the community—for a jury would have paid but little attention to the oath of such a man ; but, in a time of excitement, the testimony of those of most doubtful veracity have influence with the ignorant. Not many days after Frink made his affidavit, Deacon Moody—one of the meekest men in the town, or perhaps within an hundred miles of it—declared to the parson, that the ghost had appeared to *him* as he was returning home from watching part of the night with a sick friend. The clergyman, a little sharply, enquired of his deacon if he had followed the ghost. " No," was the reply—" I was lawfully in the street, in the course of my honest duties, and there I found courage ; but what right had I to follow the apparition—to pry into the secrets of the grave ?" The parson smiled, and thought this reply the very Jesuitism of fear—but still insisted to the deacon that he should have taken pains to have made himself satisfied whether the being he saw was supernatural or not.

This dialogue between the dignitaries of the church was held in the presence of a third person—a student in divinity, ~~who had been studying for some time with the learned clergy-~~man, but who had been on a journey during this excitement, and now for the first time became acquainted with the rumor and the consequent agitation. He was sound in his creed—more orthodox than his instructor; but he was more modern in his learning, and for the mysteries of antiquity he had used the German key of interpretation—and if a supernatural being crossed *his* imagination, he was sure to chase it down with the full cry of German philosophy. To him, who was half a Swedenborgian, a ghost was nothing but a pleasant companion—and he avowed his intention of spending the night in the grave-yard, for the purpose of becoming acquainted with the spectre; adding, that if he had not piety and holiness enough to exorcise a ghost, he trusted that he had nerve enough to meet one.

The deacon was horror-struck; the parson smiled, and encouraged the determination. The evening was warm—the sky clear—and the moon arose about ten o'clock. Not far from eleven he ventured to the church-yard—took a walk around it—and saw, as he believed, that there was nothing but the dead in that place to form an apparition from. After strolling about for an hour or more, he stretched himself on a tomb-stone, which he saw, by close inspection, had been erected in honor of a village great man, who was distinguished, according to the record, in church and state. The student philosophized awhile on the vanity of fame,—so short-lived, and so equivocal while in existence. Doubling his cloak—which he wore to defend himself from the dew—for a pillow, he began to gaze on the heavens, and soon felt that “an undevout astronomer is mad.” Space, matter, motion, time, crowded on his mind, until his position

✓ and the object of his mission were forgotten. If ever the human mind rises to the full dignity of its nature, and to the extent of its powers, it is in contemplating the heavens, with a full glow of adoration to the God who made them, while standing on the ashes of past generations. In the midst of these feelings of homage to our Maker, there arises a gratitude to him for allowing us to know so much of the machinery of his universe, that we can point out the constellations as they journey onward, and calculate times and seasons by distant worlds; and with this gratitude, (not entirely free from pride,) there comes over us a humbleness, that their origin and their end, and even most of their laws and uses, are, and ever will be, hid in darkness from us. Whether these worlds commenced their march never to end, or whether their days are numbered, and they, like ourselves, are to pass away—is a problem too mighty for us to solve.

Overwhelmed by these profound thoughts, the student fell to sleep, and remained oblivious until he was awakened by a crackling as of dried bushes under some light footstep; when, suddenly raising his head, he saw a ghost within a few feet of him! His head sunk back at once on his pillow, and he covered his eyes with his hand to collect his thoughts. He felt as if sinking into a solid stone, or that the tomb, with its "*ponderous and marble jaws, had opened to receive him.*" In a moment, however, he was collected—and, rising from his bed, with great drops of perspiration standing on his brow, he looked around, and all the mystery was at once explained. A lovely young lady of his acquaintance, in her night-dress, stood over a new-made grave, and, waving her handkerchief, uttered, in a low and solemn voice, a farewell to the tenant of the grave. It was Julia Abercrombie who stood before him. She was one of the most lovely of woman-kind. She was then about sixteen years of age—still a

school girl. She was rather above the common height, and exquisitely proportioned. Her complexion was of the most brilliant whiteness; her eyes were of that light azure, from which a summer's sun seemed to beam. Her hair was as abundant and flowing as her's of the bowers of Eden, in the morning of creation. Her step was full of grace and dignity. She was a rare woman; she possessed a mind of the highest order—which had been improved by a judicious education; and she moved among her school-fellows the exemplar of all,—peerless among her peers—for the sweetness of her disposition was more enchanting than the perfection of her personal beauties.

Among her confidants and bosom friends, the dearest to her heart was Almira Sunderland—a beauty of quite a different style. Her face was of Grecian contour; her hair and eyes were dark; and her complexion that of a brilliant brunette, tinged with a fine carnation. Her form had more amplitude, and her movements and her spirits were more buoyant. If she was behind her dear Julia in dignity, she had more sprightliness and eloquence. If she was more gay and thoughtless, her feelings were more acute, and she seized the affections of her friends with sudden surprise. These lovely twain had for several years been in the same course of education, and united in the firmest bonds of affection. They were not separated for a single day, and it seemed as if they never could be—but Heaven decreed otherwise. Early in that spring, of whose midsummer we have been talking, Almira caught a severe cold, from wearing thin shoes—the gateway of death to thousands of young females; and, from paying no attention to it at first, it became settled on the lungs. When the physician was called, he soon perceived that it was all over with her; but this he wisely kept

from her friends—but by degrees prepared them for the severe shock they were to receive. She lingered for a month or two in suspense; but, more early than others believed, she had made up her mind to leave the world—an early victim to consumption. Then all was composure; she breathed not a sigh, nor expressed a wish to live. She directed her friends to the promises of the christian's hope, and prepared to make her bed "with the forked worm."

No one felt her situation more acutely than Julia Abercrombie—who never left her friend but a few hours at a time, in all her sickness, until the last solemn scene, which to Almira was so full of joy, that it seemed to all around her as an apotheosis. She was buried in the grave-yard—and Julia, who had shown symptoms of sleep-walking in her childhood, had, after the death of her bosom friend, fallen into the habit again, and had several times left her bed to visit the grave of the once lovely Almira. On these occasions she had been seen; but no one thought her to be a somnambulist, nor had she the slightest suspicion of it herself. The student saw her safely return to her home, but did not venture to speak to her, for fear that a surprise might have a sad effect upon her delicate nerves.

As the student was going to his lodgings, he passed the house of his venerable teacher, and saw him sitting at his chamber window—for he had seen his pupil enter the grave-yard, and had anxiously watched for his return. All was explained in a few words, to the delight of the holy man, who had struggled with all his might to stem the vain belief his parishioners had shown in spectres.

The next morning the student called at the academy, and found that Julia was not at school—she having in the morning complained of a severe indisposition. The student called

at her lodgings, and heard from the good woman of the house, that Julia was depressed in spirits and sick at heart—having had a sad dream, with which the student was connected. Julia entered the parlor with a melancholy air—and, as the student arose to meet her, he said to her, with a smile, “Did you know that among my other acquirements, I was an interpreter of dreams of the highest order?—for I not only can interpret the dream you had last night, but, without a hint from you, can tell you what that dream was.” He then stated to her the whole circumstances. She had a dreamy recollection of the whole visit, but could hardly be persuaded that it was not a dream. “If you have any doubts,” said he, “whether my statements are reality or fiction, permit me to tell you, that as you were turning to leave Almira’s grave, a briar caught your foot, and lacerated it until the blood flowed freely.” She acknowledged that the mysterious wound had given her some trouble. How it came, she could not conjecture. She shuddered to think of these wanderings—and so deep was the impression made on her mind, that a perfect cure of the disease of somnambulism was effected.

The clergyman, on the next Sunday, alluded to the ghost story—stated the facts, without mentioning names—took occasion to lecture his people, from the sexton up to his deacon, upon the folly of credulity—and portrayed the evils which would have followed from this case, unless this explanation had forthwith taken place,—as the females were all about leaving the institution—some from their own fears, and some from the fears of their friends.

More than thirty years have come and gone since that period, and not a single ghost has appeared within twenty miles of the place. The salt of a little reason in society ✓

~~often preserves the people from superstition for a long time.~~  
The reign of sound sense is propitious to religion, to the health and happiness of social life.

The student and the *Spectre Beauty* have often met in the pathway of life, but never without bringing to mind the dramatic incidents of that early period of their existence.



## THE HERMIT.

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"The modern history of a country is best obtained from the aged, who have been actors in the scenes they describe. Suffering and glory make strong impressions on the mind; and eloquence is always found on the lips of an honest witness. What the eye has seen, and the ear heard, and the heart felt, the tongue must express with effect."

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THE idiosyncracies of the human mind afford a perpetual subject for the investigation of the philosopher.—The head and the heart are unfathomable depths. If we can make out, by long study, some of the passions that agitate the mind of man, the effects of their combinations are seldom satisfactorily traced. That which would just arouse the energies of one mind to salutary action, would break down another.

There was an aged itinerant who visited all parts of our country, who was frequently followed by the school-boys—not from a mischievous disposition, but merely to hear the sharp things he would utter when vexed by them. The boys were afraid to come near him—for he was a tall, athletic, old man, and carried a staff higher than his head. He wore a wrapper that came down to his shoes, tied about him with a military sash, which looked as if it had been in use ages before. His hair and beard were white as snow. It was said, that at certain houses where he condescended

to pass the night, he would talk most eloquently of olden wars and historical events. He had connexions, who tried to persuade him from this rambling mode of life; but he grew ferocious, if restrained—and he had his way. He had frequently spent a night with a farmer who had a handsome library, and was well-informed. Here he was at times conversable, and the family listened to *the Hermit*, as the boys called him, with delight. He had been absent for some time from the house, when one of the family of boys went to the river to catch some fish. All the fishing-tackle was kept in an old log-house near the river, which had been the abode of the first white settler in that vicinity; and the present owner of the tract of land would not suffer the cabin to go to decay, but repaired the roofs, and the chimney—made of rude stones and clay. Here were also a pile of dry wood and a tinder-box, to kindle up a fire at once, if any one came from fishing, wet, as was often the case. As the lad entered the cabin, he saw the venerable form of the Hermit stretched upon some hemlock boughs: he was speechless. There were always some refreshments kept in an old chest in the cabin, and these were administered at once, and the Hermit began to revive. The comfortable fire and wholesome food had their full effect—and the lad now attempted to persuade the old man to proceed with him to his father's house, where he was sure he would be taken care of; but the old man was pertinacious in his refusal. He said he had come into that cabin to die, and he should stay there until that event should happen. The lad went home forthwith, and told his parents the story. A cot-bed was sent to him, and all the food and utensils he might want. They thought that by indulging him for a day or two, he would get over his freak, and be willing to take up his abode somewhere else, or set out again on his rambles. Day

after day he still kept to the log-cabin,—wandering only around the pasture to gather herbs, or to the river, for a fish to broil on the coals. He had picked up a large pile of wood, which seemed to indicate that he contemplated passing the winter in the cabin. This was distressing to the worthy family. They did not value his food and fuel a straw, but were apprehensive that he would suffer in that cabin, and perhaps expire there—and then what would the world say ! They apprised the select-men of his situation—but they met with no better success in persuading him to remove. It was now agreed to fit-up the old cabin, and make him as comfortable as possible ; and when this was done, it was not so bad a domicile. The boys brought him candles, cider, and apples, and other little things, which he seemed to enjoy with great relish. This was remarkable—for in all his peregrinations he would live on bread and milk, or some vegetable food ; not tasting of meat, but now he was fond of solid food, and every day gained strength. His eyes were filled with tears of gratitude when the parents of the children came to see him, which was as often as once a week, or oftener. The boys used to amuse their Hermit by reading to him some interesting books in the long winter evenings. He was particularly fond of Indian history, and made some sage remarks on the Indian character—often vindicating them when history had condemned them.

As a new-year's present, the boys brought him a new, thick wrapper—a very timely present. In a happy moment he asked the boys what he should make them—for he was very ingenious in his use of tools. He had out of a dry oak plank made a wooden clock for his cabin, which kept very good time ; and had quite furnished his *block-house*, as he called his log mansion. The boys preferred to hear the history of his life, to any other favor. This surprised him ;

but he said, that if he ever could get firmness enough to go through the story, they should hear it. They gently urged him at times to commence it, and he seemed less reluctant each time, and they felt quite sure that he would indulge them before spring. The snow lay deep and pure on the pasture and woodlands around the cabin, and the moon was riding in majesty in the heavens, and the boys were displaying their smattering of astronomy, when the dogs in full cry were seen chasing a fox, which, being hard pressed, darted into the cabin. One of the boys closed the door against the dogs. When the Hermit and the boys entered, the affrighted fox was easily taken. It was debated among them what they should do with the trembling captive. The eldest boy said, his skin was worth two dollars, and they had a natural right to him. The youngest admitted the right, but insisted that the law of honor and benevolence was of a higher order—and, as he had sought protection in a house of peace and friendship, he ought to have the benefit of it. Another little frolicsome fellow thought the feelings of the dogs should be taken into consideration; and they had their rights in the question—which he would advocate for them. This turned the whole into amusement. The counsel for Lion (the dog) only asked that the fox should be set at liberty, and have a minute's start of the dogs, and then neither could complain; but, the councils of benevolence prevailed over those of interest or love of sport—and it was agreed that the Hermit should let him go when the dogs were out of hearing. The boys left the cabin, and called the dogs to go with them. Lion bayed the moon on his way to his kennel; but, no sooner were his masters safe in the house, than he ran to the cabin, scented the fox, and laid down close to the logs, to watch for an opportunity to catch him. Before the Hermit retired for the night, he opened

his door and let out the fox. A deep cry convinced him that the great dog was on the chase. The fox made for the ice of the river ; it was as smooth as glass. Here he had the advantage in the length of his nails, and in his power, by the assistance of his long, bushy tail, in tacking and in manœuvring to escape. The old man was rejoiced to find the fox gaining on the dog. Lion did not return until late the next morning, and then he appeared so fatigued and mortified, that it was evident his efforts had been unsuccessful. Ever after that period the dog would not approach the cabin, and would growl if ever the Hermit met him in the pasture. This dislike became so evident, that the boys were obliged to chastise the dog, to keep him from committing violence. The old man requested them to desist, for Lion was only acting like men in strength and power—hating those who in any way thwarted their intentions.

One evening, when they were quite happy in reading some passages in ancient history, the old man observed, that on the next week would be his birthday—and then when they came down to his block-house, he would commence the account of his life ; “ And as I wish to make it useful to you,” said he, “ I give you full liberty to put any question to me you please, in the narration. The evening came, and the boys were there at early candle-light. The fire was trimmed and the lights burning, that all might be as cheerful as possible ; when the Hermit, smoothing his venerable beard, began :—

“ I have lived for many years in hopes to have died without the pain of recounting the incidents of my life ; but, your kindness to me has taken off some of that disgust which I had long felt for all mankind—and you have won my promise to relate them. My life has been eventful, but humble. I was born on the shores of the Atlantic, on the 19th of

April, 1725. After receiving a good common-school education, I was bound apprentice to a silversmith : but he was a man of all-work ; he mended clocks, repaired watches, and when the alarm of war was abroad, turned armorer, and fixed muskets for the fight. I had stipulated to serve him until I was twenty years of age only—with the intention of going to a more skilful workman for the space of a year before I set-up for myself ; but, the Commonwealth of Massachusetts having declared war against the French, at Louisburg, by a majority of only one, I was induced to go on that expedition as armorer. There were about 3250 men from Massachusetts, 516 from Connecticut, and 350 from New Hampshire. As an armorer I can speak of the guns. Some of them were Spanish, taken from the invincible armada ; some of them from the French, in the days of Louis XIV. ; and others were king's arms, discarded from their great weight. Scarcely a bayonet among them all—and no ball would suit any two muskets. They knew nothing of military tactics, but they were pious and fearless. Instead of drilling themselves for battle, they held conference, and inspired each other with faith. I was for having both.

“Colonel Vaughan was a most gallant officer : he, with a few New Hampshire troops, struck the first blow. He conducted an advance column through the woods, within sight of Louisburg, and, during the night, fired several large warehouses of naval stores. The smoke, driven by the wind into the grand battery, threw the French troops into the greatest confusion, and they at once abandoned it. The battery deserted by the French troops, was taken possession of by Vaughan, and he sent me to General Pepperell with a short note written on a gun. The troops were all animation. The siege of Louisburg lasted forty-nine days, when the city was surrendered to Pepperell and Warren.

The officers were of the best kind. Dwight, Gorham, and Walcott, from Connecticut, were unceasing in their endeavors to bring the siege to a close. It was almost a miracle, for a vigorous sally would have closed the campaign in a day. Some future time, this siege will be memorable in our military history ; but it was of no avail to the country. The New England troops, who performed the greatest part of the service, and the sailors, who were in the several colonial sloops of war, were not allowed a part of the prize-money, which was estimated to be as much silver as fifty ox-carts could carry. This injustice laid the foundation of our independence. The British governments gave the Provincial no credit or money. The murmurs at times broke into curses. Great Britain had been cowering in her fates for several years before this victory. In this expedition there were some young men who afterwards figured in the revolutionary war, who had never forgot the ill-treatment they received in this campaign. I shall never get over it until the day of my death.

“I shall never forget the consternation that pervaded New England the next year, when the Duke D’Anville was sent by the French on our coasts. All the people were alarmed. I marched to Boston, with others, and in a few days there were 6400 men in the town—and Connecticut was ready to send ten thousand more, when called for.—God destroyed this mighty armada : storms and pestilence first assailed them ; then divisions arose among the officers of the French fleet. D’Anville died suddenly, as it was believed, by poison, administered by his own hand. His successor threw himself on his sword, and the tempest finished the naval power, without the firing of a British cannon. Thanks were given to God in every church in New England ; but, so deep and strong were the resentments of the

people, that no prayer was put up for the British ministry, and in some pulpits the king's name was not mentioned. This was followed by the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle—disgraceful to England and injurious to this country. Here, my dear children, the seeds of the revolution were sown. Statesmen and historians may talk of navigation, arts, and other remote and general things, as the causes of the revolution. These might have been the alledged reasons to justify the revolution, but the more immediate causes were in personal feeling.

“ I now thought I should never serve again in a military capacity ; but, when forces were to be raised in 1755, I was induced to accept of a lieutenant's commission in the corps of artificers—as it was thought the campaign would be short and glorious. I went to Nova-Scotia with General Winslow. I have suffered much in camps and fights, my dear children, but it was all nothing to the [distress I felt in this campaign. It was a scene of cruelty and oppression that no American had ever witnessed before, and, I trust in heaven, that no one ever will again. Although years have passed away since that day, my dreams are haunted with visions in which tears of wretchedness flowed without our good general's being able to soften a feature of misery. Nova-Scotia was reduced to the dominion of Britain, but the situation of the people, their language, and their religion, made them objects of jealousy to the British government. This race of colonists were of a most interesting character. They were pure in their morals and warm in their faith, and of the most industrious habits. They lived as one family, and of equal condition, with great simplicity and harmony.—There was the seat of innocence and love. There were no seducers, no usurers, no speculators. They required no courts or judges among seven thousand inhabitants, but such



as were chosen for any special advice among themselves. It is said that Britain treated them mildly ; but of this I have no proof. Under the pretence that they were, or from fear that they might be, friendly to the Canadians, it was thought unsafe for them to remain in that place ; and it was determined to disperse them among the British colonies. This would, it was thought, put them out of the way of doing harm. To move them all at once, a stratagem was laid to get them to assemble in large bodies ; and then they were seized by force and taken on board the fleet. Parents were separated from their children, and violently transported they knew not whither. Some were taken from the altar of God, while on their bended knees before the Eternal throne. While they were huddled together by the bayonet, their plantations were ravaged and their houses burnt, to deprive all who might escape from shelter and protection. Oh, how the miseries of that day hang upon my mind ! The troops under Winslow were dissolved in tears, to hear this once happy, but now wretched people, piercing the air with their lamentations. About a thousand of them came to Massachusetts, but there they could not worship God in their own way. From resentment, or from hopes of succor from France, they would not mingle with the people of Massachusetts. They lived by fishing near the seaboard, unwilling to be indebted to any being but their God, for subsistence. They scorned charity—and many of them died by protracted starvation. Some of them returned to France, and others to Canada, across the woods. Ages will not wipe away this stain on British humanity. Winslow and his soldiers had to share this accursed deed, and then were denied any honors of the campaign. I feel this, my dear children, more than any mortal living, for I married, on this occasion, a beautiful woman I found in despair—her parents being sepa-

rated from her. Compassion was my inducement : '*Pity me'ts the mind to love.*' She was descended from the French *noblesse*—but that was nothing in a republican's eye. She was one of the most affectionate and devoted of women. Oh, God ! all that was mortal of her is within ten rods of this cabin ! I built this block-house. You wonder : I will explain. This territory was not then free from Indian warfare ; but, at this time, they seldom made excursions as far down as this, from the Canada frontiers. We had liberty to fix upon our bounty lands, taking our own risk of being disturbed. I wandered into the wilderness, and, from the beauty of the water prospect, and the richness of the soil, fixed upon my location. I brought several men with me to commence my clearing—and built this fortification for my residence. I had promised my wife, that she should come and see it as soon as it was in comfortable order. This promise I fulfilled, and brought her to this place. here I was the happiest of men. I had a sufficiency of food—was in fine health—and nothing annoyed me,—for solitude, with such a wife, was my delight. I heard, as a common serenade, the howl of the wolf, as he prowled around my dwelling, as I awaked from my dreams ; and my wife was not afraid as she slept on my arm. I can dwell on this picture no longer. She caught a fever, and died. I buried her in a coffin made of several thicknesses of birch bark, and she reposés on the south side of that large rock, where you have had, for several years, a water-melon bed fenced in. You have offered me your fruit ; I have never touched it, but I could not tell you the reason of my refusal. I thought her grave had better look green, than dreary ; but I could not participate in your fruits."

"Father, nothing shall grow there hereafter but flowers," said one of the boys ; "those you will see, without feeling that the place is profaned."

"This place now became a desert to me," said the Hermit, "and I abandoned it, and never returned to it again, until accident brought me to it, when you found me here in a speechless state, and I was brought to life by your kind attentions. Its precise situation I had in a measure forgotten, when this house, erected by me and my men, after nearly half a century came full in my view. The pains of memory at first were terrible—but their anguish soon was soothed, and a calm of pleasing melancholy took their place. The past ages peopled by my imagination, arose before me, and I felt no other sin to answer for than a mis-spent time; but I had done my country some service, and had injured no one but myself. The spectres, as they arose, seemed to smile on me, and not a frown could I perceive among them. I saw among my groups those who had fallen in the arms of victory, and who were sleeping on the bed of glory; others who had been known to me, who had passed away young, and were remembered for their loveliness only, as the vernal flowers. Grave statesmen too were in the crowd, as important as they were when in life, perpetrating some political error, when in the halls of legislation, perhaps, under the impression that they were saving a nation. Heroes and statesmen often over-rate their deeds done for their country.

"But, to resume my narrative. I was not on the frontiers when Johnston defeated Duskau. This victory afforded a gleam of sunshine through the land; but Johnson was too selfish to follow up his success—and the victory was not of much avail.

"The plan of a campaign was the next year (1756) agreed upon between my noble commander, General Winslow, and the commander-in-chief of the British forces, General Abercrombie; but, on the arrival of the Earl of Loudon—a

proud imbecile—an apology for a general—who never could injure his enemies, but always confounded his friends—the whole was abandoned. The next year Montcalm took Fort William-Henry, which had been built in an improper place, for it could be easily overlooked. It was defended by brave men, who did not surrender until the engineer, Colonel Mason, (a New Englander) had fired the last shot in the fort. I have had the whole details from him. I cannot trust myself to describe to you the massacre,—my heart was then so lacerated by the loss of many a brave companion in arms. For this account you must go to the books,—and, as the writers knew nothing of the details, they have given it to the world in terms too general to leave a deep sensation of horror. Montcalm stood high among the most chivalrous of the French nobility—but ages will not wash out the accursed spot from his escutcheon. While this defeat and massacre were breaking the heart of the colonists, or bracing them to deeds of revenge, the inane, the wretched, pompous course pursued by one who should have been the protector of the colonies, (Lord Loudon,) produced a disgust not less heart-sickening. His conduct brought the colonies to the eve of a revolution, which would in all probability have taken effect if he had not been superseded by General Abercrombie. The French were now in possession of the lakes. Abercrombie had better manners than Loudon, but not any more abilities. On taking the command of the army, he found it was the largest force ever assembled in America; consisting of fifty thousand men, of whom twenty-two thousand were regular troops, a part of which was under Amherst and Wolfe—officers of talents and bravery. This year, blood and treasure were again expended to take Louisburg, which had been so readily given up by treaty. I was with the army on Lake George this season—an officer

of artificers, of which, my children, your honored maternal grandsire was major. When the ice broke up on Lake George, General Abercrombie sent for several of our corps, with some of the regular army, and enquired of us how many boats it would require to convey the army down the lake. There was but little difference of opinion as it regarded the number of boats; but a great difference as to the time it would take to build them. The British thought the boats might be got ready by the middle of September. We gave it as our opinion that all might be in readiness by the first day of August. We stipulated to do this, if our plan was followed. We knew the facilities we had, and the power and strength of the colonial troops—all acquainted with the axe, the auger, the forge, and the saw. With certain modifications, Abercrombie agreed to our requisitions—and we sat about the herculean task. The general thought it could not be done in the given time, as he could not see the progress—for every piece of timber was prepared in the mountains, by model. They were brought in pieces to the margin of the lake, and were put together as it were by magic. On the first day of July, 1758, this immense fleet, consisting of nine hundred batteaux and twenty-five whole boats, and some small wherries as attendants on the batteaux, were riding, light as egg-shells, upon the pure waters of the south end of Lake George. It was a magnificent sight, and excited the admiration of the whole army. The fleet was under the care of the artificers until all the boats had been inspected and approved, which was finished on the fourth, and the troops embarked on the fifth. The high mountains hanging over the eastern side of the lake, prevents the sun from being seen several hours after it has arisen. An illumined mist arises from the lake, making a beautiful contrast with the dark waters beneath. The rowers were

all on their benches, and at six in the morning the oars dipped at the tap of the drum—when the bands of music struck up '*God Save the King*,' accompanied by sixteen thousand voices, whose echoes rang among the mountains, and returned to greet the armament. The length of the lake is about thirty-two miles—a fair day's pull. We anchored in a cove on the western side of the lower end of the lake, not far from the place where it devolved in a pure, foaming, dashing, current, into Lake Champlain.

"On the morning of the sixth we landed, and formed for battle—the provincials forming the flanks, and the regulars, under Lord Howe, the centre. As they marched onward, to clear the woods of French and Indians, Lord Howe was killed. The Indians set up one of their fiendish yells, which made the British, who were not accustomed to such horrid sounds, break into a general panic; but the provincials on the flanks, by their mode of fighting, soon gained a victory. Lord Howe's death was a subject of general lamentation. It was uttered in low, mournful whispers, 'The sword arm of our forces is cut off—and the head is nothing!' On the seventh, our army took possession of a post near Ticonderoga. On the eighth, an assault was made on the fort, of the most imprudent kind, by order of Abercrombie; and two thousand men were killed and wounded, who felt unable to do their foes any considerable harm. Abercrombie was dismayed, and ordered a retreat to the southern part of the lake, from whence he came. Such confusion as we saw, can hardly be credited. Burying the slain—dressing the wounded, and conveying them on board the batteaux—was a most melancholy sight. We were then fourteen thousand strong; and, by regular siege, could have taken the unfinished fort in a very short time. The provincials could have accomplished it alone, if they had been permitted to have

remained for that service. On our return, we could hardly look each other in the face, from mortification. The eagle, of the mountains had scented the blood which had been so prodigally shed, and poised over us as we slowly ascended the lake—performing the part of the vulture, who follows the slaughter, rather than that of the bird of Jove, who leads to victory.

“Soon after this, some gleams of success awaited the British arms, in the taking of Oswego, and the reduction of Fort Du Quesne. The Indians (always uncertain as allies, but ferocious as enemies) now began to lose their faith in the French, who were always more civil than generous to their Indian friends—and formed treaties with the English, which broke up the French power from the western lakes to Louisiana.

“My health was in some measure impaired by great exertions, and I had leave to stay at home in the campaign of 1759. This was a successful one. General Amherst took Ticonderoga and Crown Point, without much loss of blood. It is but proper that I should mention Sir William Johnson’s conduct in taking the garrison of Niagara—which bound a more lasting laurel on his brow, than he won in his victory in 1755. Johnson undoubtedly was a man of powerful mind, but was not overstocked with modesty, delicacy, or a sense of justice.

“Late this season was fought the battle on the heights of Abraham, which resulted in the surrender of Quebec. This battle is so memorable in American history, and was so important in its consequences, that it should be studied by you, my children, with great attention. I never describe a fight, unless I was in it. I shall only say, that Wolfe was a popular general—younger than most of his army. He was elected by Chatham, from a slight personal acquaintance—but sufficient for that great reader of men to see in him the elements

of a consummate general. The generals next in command to Wolfe—Townsend and Murray—were also young; intellectual, brave, and full of experiments. The plan was a bold one, and the difficulties of execution discouraging to ordinary minds; but Wolfe and his generals knew how to separate the difficult from the impossible. In floating down the river St. Lawrence, just previous to the battle, the pensive soul of Wolfe, without any thing which might be called ordinary fear, in a melancholy presentment of his fate, it is said, sung the song of the Earl of Peterborough, composed in an age before his time: beginning—

‘Why, soldiers—why  
Should we be melancholy, boys?  
Our business is to die!’

This is not true. Wolfe had a mind of a solemn cast, without a particle of that cup-jovial soldier-buoyancy that distinguished Peterborough. Wolfe did not sing—but repeated a sentimental piece of poetry: it was ever too deep and feeling to be sung—Gray’s ‘*Elegy in a Country Church-yard.*’ This great production had just been sent him from London, by the latest packet. When he had finished his recitation, he looked around him, and, seeing the effect it had made, he said, in a still more suppressed tone, ‘Now, gentlemen, I would rather be the author of that poem, than take Quebec.’ What a tribute to poetical genius!—for it too often happens that the mere soldier has no sympathy for the poet, or has no other sympathy for him than that which arises from a distant possibility that the poet may assist in perpetuating the deeds of glory that the soldier has achieved.

“Wolfe died in the arms of victory. Montcalm followed soon after—and Quebec surrendered. This was an important era in the history of North America; but its beneficial effects were not fully realized until the peace of 1763. By this treaty, Canada was ceded to England; and the border



wars—which were of the most distressing kind—ceased. Then the frontier wilderness began to be settled by a hardy and enterprising body of men, who had been waiting for this event, to venture into the woods. No molestation was afterwards offered to the thinly-scattered inhabitants of the new towns. The town in which we now live was rapidly settled after this period, and the old men you saw at March meeting were the pioneers. Many of them are much my junior in years. A hardier, or more honest race, never were patriarchs of any land: their descendants may know more, but will not be more virtuous.

“From this period until the commencement of the revolutionary war, I was engaged in farming, and in bridge and house architecture; and had been on to Philadelphia, to plan a public edifice; and was on my return, when, having spent the night at Lynn, on the way, I, with others, was in the morning informed, that, the night previous, a large body of British troops had marched from Boston towards Concord. The musketry had been distinctly heard between day and sunrise. The neighboring towns flew to arms. It was a memorable day—for I was that day fifty years of age. As I passed through Woburn, on my track to meet the foe, I found John Hancock and Samuel Adams, who had passed the previous night at the house of the clergyman of that town. Hancock was then in readiness to mount his horse for the scene of action. He wore a dress sword, and was armed with a pair of pistols. Adams, the clergyman, Mrs Hancock, and several others, were attempting to dissuade him from such a rash enterprize. When I saw his situation, I joined those who were attempting to prevent his departure. ‘And do you, Captain Brainard, an old soldier,’ said he, ‘unite yourself to these women also?’ ‘Your life is too valuable,’ was the reply, ‘to risk in a hasty enterprize like this. Stay here: I will go on to the ground, and send you

tidings of the battle. The provincials have the game in their hands: there can be no fear from the foe; they will find it difficult, however large their forces, to retreat without loss.' With great difficulty we persuaded Hancock to stay in Woburn. I returned to his lodgings about eight o'clock that evening, and gave him all the details I could collect. I saw Warren in the fight, and gave him assurance that Hancock and Adams were safe.

"At this event, one burst of patriotic feeling was poured from every heart. Every woman was a heroine, and every man was ready to be immolated on the altar of his country. As I returned homeward, groups of men would meet me at every public place, to make enquiries relative to the bloody scene; and, before I was half through my story, women and children ran to catch the news, and caught the infection of resentment. On my return, I enlisted a few soldiers, and marched with them for Cambridge, where the patriots assembled by instruction.

"I was at the battle of Bunker Hill. This action taught the foes that they must remove the seat of war from the iron-bound coast, and from the home of these iron-sinewed men.

"The campaign of seventy-six I can never think of without tears of shame. Our army of New York was large, but undisciplined, and ill-sorted, and badly supplied with artillery or munitions of war. Most of the officers were unacquainted with each other, and were ignorant of battles. The troops they had to contend with were numerous and well appointed. The shock was great, but might have been foreseen. The great mass of the people supposed that the enemy would be driven from our shores in a short time; but the wise knew better. The indignation excited by the treatment of prisoners, gave new energy to the people in carrying on the war. From the *Provost* prison and *Jersey* prison ship were wafted the moans of thousands, which inspired

with a desperate fury the kindred of those who suffered. In five months after the declaration of independence, there were but few who dared to allude to it.

"While these dark clouds hung over us in the fall of 1776, patriots who now boast of having never quailed, were whispering with each other on the best method of making their peace with the mother country. I can name them, and may, before I die. In this awful crisis, the battles of Trenton and Princeton threw cheering rays of light on a despairing nation—and she arose, with renewed vigor, to arms. It proved to the world, that our Chief, who had been guided by the wisdom of Fabius, could launch, like the Scipios, *the thunderbolts of war*, when the propitious hour had come. At Monmouth, we lost nothing; at Saratoga, we settled the question of independence. Some other time must be taken to give you all the circumstances of this glorious victory, and of those which followed, till our rank among the nations of the earth was settled and acknowledged.

"Soon after the peace, I had a fever, which left my senses in a bewildered state—and I have roamed many years from among men: during which time I have examined every part of our country, or what then constituted my country; and I will state to you one fact, which you may think singular: that is—every thing which transpired during this period, is as fully impressed on my memory, as those things which I saw and heard in my happiest days, if at that time my reasonings upon subjects were not sound. It was not until after I had reached this cabin, (built by me,) and enjoyed some repose, and experienced some kind treatment, that my mind resumed its regularity and health.

"I will now venture, young gentlemen, to ask you, who is now my guardian?"

The lads were happy to say—"Our father. The Judge of Probate removed the previous guardian, for mal-conduct,

and urged our father to accept the trust. He did it by our entreaty—and we urged him, because we did not intend that any capricious wretch, ‘dressed in a little brief authority,’ should take you from our care. Our father told the judge, that he thought you were perfectly sane, and had been so for a long time.”

“It will not do to judge too hastily upon that subject,” said the Hermit. “Look at that journal of all my wanderings for many years. It is a description of many portions of my travels: you will find nothing of insanity there; it was only at happy intervals I ventured to take up my pen.”

The lads gave their father a full account of their interview with the Hermit—and he visited the old sage the next morning. Arrangements were made by which he was to leave the block-house, and come and live with the family. In a few hours the Hermit’s flowing locks of silver fell under the barber’s scissors, and his wizard beard disappeared by the magic of the razor. The tailor was set to work—and the wrapper and the girdle were not; and the semblance of the hermit was lost in the dignified appearance of the gentleman of the old school. His noble height—his military movements—his sage and measured voice, and subdued and bland manners,—made him arise at once a patriarch acquainted with the courtesies of the world. Master of his time and his actions, he enjoyed life, as it were, upon a fresh lease, and made himself useful to mankind. I knew one who was acquainted with the sage, and who had listened to his lessons of wisdom, frequently declare, that an axiom from his lips made more impression on his mind, than a hundred on the learned page. No man was ever properly educated who had not conversed with the aged and the wise.

“Is there a man for wisdom eminent?  
Seek him then betimes; he will not shun thee,  
Tho’ thy frequent feet wear out the pavement  
At his door.”

# THE PHILANTHROPIST

AND

## THE MISER.

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"I returned, and saw under the sun, that the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong; neither yet bread to the wise, nor yet riches to men of understanding, nor yet favor to men of skill: but time and chance happeneth to them all."—*Solomon.*

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"Whose causeway parts the vale with shady rows?  
Whose seats, the weary traveller repose?  
Who taught that heav'n-directed spire to rise?—  
'The Man of Ross,' each lisping babe replies.

\* \* \* \* \*

Him portion'd maids—apprentic'd orphans blest—  
The young who labor, and the old who rest."

*Pope.*

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"Old as he was, no vulgar known disease  
On him could ever boast a power to seize;  
But, as he weigh'd his gold, grim Death, in spite,  
Cast in his dart—which made three moidore's light;  
And, as he saw his darling money fail,  
Blew his last breath, to sink the lighter scale."

*Swift.*

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IN a tavern, on a rainy day, I asked the inn-holder for some old book, for I saw nothing on the table but some political pamphlets—which are generally an abomination to me. He went to a closet, and brought me several volumes of a newspaper, printed more than fifty years ago, (previous to the revolutionary war.) The volumes were a treat: a part of the pages were filled with sage discussions of the rights of man in general, and the rights of the colonies, in regard

to personal and political liberty ; and not a few of the arguments were managed with skill and ability. The British ministry were severely handled, and their right course marked out. Passing from their sage observations, I glanced at the marriages and deaths, and smiled to see those called beautiful and young, having then just left the hymeneal altar, whom I had a few days before seen in age and decrepitude. I saw the obituary notice of many that I had never known, had existed, although in the neighborhood of my own birth-place. From the records, I could trace connexions I had never before knew of—and saw, or thought I saw, the race that 'had departed before my time, in my contemporaries. The advertisements gave me an insight into the business carried on a half century and more ago. I could from these documents trace the rise and progress of commerce, and learn who had risen and who fallen in the pursuit of gain. My eye fell on an advertisement offering—

*For Sale*—A large quantity of Havana sugars, now landing at Roberts' Wharf, from the brig *General Wolfe*. Terms of sale to be known at Store No. 15 on said wharf.

October 1769.

WM. STOCKTON.

N.B. Brought from Havana, a box of Cigars—a very rare article : the best of tobacco rolled up to the size of a small finger, and of about five inches in length—for smoking. They are preferred by the Spanish Dons to the pipe. Those who wish to enjoy such a luxury, will please call and try them.

On the same page of the paper, was the following advertisement :—

The subscriber has just received at his shop, bottom of Dove Lane, a supply of Apples and Chesnuts from the country. He has also on hand, a few Geese-yokes and Mouse-raps. Skates faithfully strapped.

October 1769.

ICHABOD GARDINER.

Over these advertisements I pondered long. I had been acquainted with both of these men for the last twenty years of their lives. When my acquaintance commenced with Stockton, he was an active merchant, and one of the most liberal of men. I had studied his character, for I loved the man. When this advertisement was dated, he had just taken his father's business. He was engaged largely in the West-India and Bilboa trade, and was in quite a prosperous condition, and which continued so until the breaking out of the revolutionary war—when an end was put to all regular commerce with our merchants. On the news of the battle of Lexington, Mr. Stockton put a small cargo into a fast-sailing schooner, and went on board of her himself, and sailed for the West-Indies for a cargo of powder and other munitions of war. The Dutch made no scruple of selling him these articles, and he returned home in season to supply the expedition through the woods to Canada, with powder and ball, and some fire-arms. These articles—amounting to eight thousand dollars—the government purchased on a credit, payable in Spanish dollars; but, when the notes became due, he was obliged to take continental paper money, for which he never realized anything, and which may probably be seen now in a pile in the garret of the house he then occupied; it was there a few years ago. He thought this hard, but he did not complain. When government wanted more credit, they had it. He met with vicissitudes during the conflict, but came out of it a man of wealth. He suffered with the rest in the tobacco trade, in 1784-5, but rode the storm which shipwrecked so many American merchants. At this period, decayed institutions were to be built up again, and new ones to be founded. In this, Mr. Stockton was always foremost—giving his time, and devoting his talents and his purse, in aid of every public plan for the

benefit of the nation. He was at the head of insurance offices, marine societies, and retreats for disabled seamen, and all institutions of a kindred nature. If one was unfortunate by flood, or fire, or sickness, William Stockton was found foremost among those who come forward for his assistance. He was at the head of all internal improvements, and had a good forecast in regard to this great branch of national prosperity. He struggled hard in establishing a general constitution of government, as he saw that was the only ark of safety. He was not only a liberal patriot, who spared nothing for his country, but he was benevolent in all the little currents of social life. He took the young merchant by the hand, and assisted him to business, and was his friend in adversity, if he was convinced of the integrity of his conduct. He was a patron of schools, and a liberal supporter of letters in every way. In the social circle, he lost the man of business, to resume his exertions with new spirit, when the hour of relaxation had passed. Such was the mildness of his manners, and his affectionate address, that young men often made him their father confessor, when they dared not make a confidant of their own connexions; and this confidence was always met with good advice, or pecuniary assistance if wanted. An instance of this may be given in a few words:—One of his neighbor's sons was taken sick, and the physician was unable to find a cause for the nervous delirium of his patient. The young man requested to see Mr. Stockton, who came and had a private interview with him. A few minutes after the Man of Ross had gone, the young gentleman got up, and walked out—weak, but entirely free from all disease or delirium. The cure was thought to be miraculous: no one knew the secret for years—not until the person restored told the story himself. The son had taken a sum of money from his father,



which he could not, as he expected to do, replace; and he knew that his father would soon find it out. As the last resort, he had prepared to shoot himself. The pistol was loaded and primed, and the sufferer was bracing himself up for the unhallowed deed, when the thought struck him that he would take one more look at the picture of his mother; but on entering the chamber where it had hung for years, it was not there—his sister had taken it to have a copy of it made. He felt the disappointment severely, and said to himself, as he returned to his own room, "Perhaps her sweet smile might have dissuaded me from the dreadful deed. The thought now struck him that he would have one more gaze on earth and heaven; and for this purpose he threw up the window, and the first object that caught his eye was Mr. Stockton, walking in a contemplative mood on the other side of the street. A beam of light now spread over the gloomy soul of him who had decreed to die by his own hand. All his horrors fled the instant he came to the determination to make Mr. Stockton his confidant.

An interview was had, and the sum of money was advanced—the profoundest secrecy preserved. The young gentleman has since been prosperous, and owes no debt of gratitude to the family of his friend, who saved him at that perilous hour, that he is not daily struggling to pay.

Twice a-year Mr. Stockton made a general jail delivery of all confined for small debts. He assisted the oppressed against the oppressor, however powerful the latter might be. His name was a terror to the usurer and extortioner. As a member of the legislature, he was in constant exertion to soften the hard features of the common and statute law. It was in his time that those disgusting relicts of a barbarous age—the whipping-post, the pillory, the stocks, and the cat-o'-nine-tails—were driven from civilized man, and all unna-

tural punishments abolished. He never listened to a tale of slander, for

“ He abhorr’d the insidious lie—  
The low deceit—the unmanly calumny.”

He believed, and inculcated the doctrine, that a trespass upon reputation was as criminal as one on property. Envy sometimes looked with all her eyes, to find some defect in this good man; and if an imaginary one was discovered, the public voice instantly put it down: the people would not for a moment believe that his character had a blemish in it. One instance would serve to show the hold he had on the affections of the public. Ogilvie, the Scotch Orator, who gave orations and recitations in different parts of our country, was declaiming in the town in which Mr. Stockton resided. Before a full audience, he happened to select Darwin’s beautiful tribute to Howard the philanthropist: it was received with great applause, and during the delivery, every eye was turned on Stockton—the eulogy was his. If in the character of Howard the outlines were broader than in that of Stockton, in the latter the finishings were more delicate—but the picture answered for both.

And now, Philanthropy! thy rays divine  
Dart round the globe, from Zembla to the Line:  
O’er each dark prison plays the cheering light,  
Like northern lustres o’er the vault of night.  
From realm to realm, with cross or crescent crown’d;  
Where’er mankind and misery are found—  
O’er burning sands, deep waves, or wilds of snow,  
Thy HOWARD, journeying, seeks the house of woe.  
Down many a winding step, to dungeons dank,  
Where anguish wails aloud, and fetters clank—  
To caves bestrew’d with many a mouldering bone,  
And cells whose echoes only learn to groan—  
Where no kind bars a whispering friend disclose—  
No sunbeam enters, and no zephyr blows—  
He treads, inemulous of fame or wealth,  
Profuse of toil, and prodigal of health;  
With soft, assuasive eloquence, expands  
Power’s rigid heart, and opes his clenching hands;

Leads stern-eyed Justice to the dark domains,  
If not to sever, to relax the chains;  
Or guides awaken'd mercy through the gloom,  
And shows the prison, sister to the tomb;  
Gives to her babes the self-devoted wife—  
To her fond husband, liberty and life!  
The spirits of the good, who bend from high,  
Wide o'er these earthly scenes, their partial eye,  
When first, array'd in VIRTUE's purest robe,  
They saw her HOWARD traversing the globe;  
Saw round his brow her sun-like glory blaze,  
In arrowy circles of unwearied rays;  
Mistook a mortal for an angel-guest,  
And ask'd what seraph foot the earth impress'd.  
Onward he moves! Disease and Death retire;  
And murmuring demons hate him, and admire!

In the decline of life, Mr. Stockton was not so prosperous in business as he had before been, and his means to do good were lessened; but he did not grow selfish, but felt the distresses of others as keenly as ever; and strange as it may seem, in his immediate circle his influence was still undiminished. He had been deeply engaged in the Havana trade, and particularly in furnishing the government their small-armed vessels. When the disturbances began in South America, his regular remittances failed, and he thought it necessary for him to make a voyage there. The government at home had charged the viceroys and governors of the South American Provinces to pay these demands as they had regularly done; but at times when the patriots, as they were called, had the ascendancy, they refused to acknowledge any liability, although they had possession of the property. In pursuing these claims with energy and dignity, he was thrown into prison—a foul and pestilential place, where his health suffered greatly. By the interference of the merchants, he was at length liberated, and returned to the United States, with a broken constitution, and poor in purse. If it could be said that he never came to want, he was crippled in his means in his old age. He had always

lived prudently and abstemiously, and therefore felt no deprivation of luxuries. He had no carriage to lay down—no train of pampered servants to dismiss. He lived a few years, and then sunk to rest with the respect of all classes of people. His activity had diminished, and of course his loss was not so much felt as it would have been at one certain period of his life.

Ichabod Gardiner, whose advertisement we mentioned as finding in the same newspaper, announcing his supply of apples, chesnuts, and mouse-traps, resided in the same town, and outlived Stockton several years. His history is indeed a contrast to that of Stockton. In this little shop in Dove Lane, he accumulated money rapidly. Soon after he opened his huckster's shop, he waited on Mr. Stockton to purchase goods such as he wanted for the season. The merchant had passed the bottom of Dove Lane early in the morning, and always found Gardiner at work, strapping skates or sorting his fruit, and believing that such industry augured thrift, had no hesitation in giving him credit. At times, Gardiner sent an adventure in Stockton's vessels, and little was said about freight; and this might have continued perhaps for a long time, if Gardiner had not made an attempt to smuggle into the port the proceeds of his adventure, which come near losing the vessel and cargo. Mr. Stockton dismissed from his employment all who were concerned in the act, and prohibited any one sending an adventure in his vessels. He never said a word to Gardiner about the affair, and gave him credit as before; for although he would not run goods on any consideration, yet he knew that many men called honest had no such scruples.

This gentle rebuke was not forgotten by Ichabod Gardiner. He at once cherished a deadly hatred against his patron, but was too shrewd to show it any way while it was

for his interest to hide his rancour. During the revolutionary war, Ichabod owned a part of a small privateer which cruised near the mouth of the Saint Lawrence. He was on board of her in one of her expeditions, and was taken by the British. Great complaints had been made to the Admiral on that station of the cruelty and outrages committed by this privateer, along the coast of Nova Scotia. The vessel and crew were identified, and their villany established beyond a doubt. They were thrown into Halifax jail, and the agent for prisoners had orders not to exchange them on any account; and when their friends heard from them, their situation was deplorable. The weeping friends of this privateer's men waited in a body on Mr. Stockton, and implored him to take measures to relieve the unfortunate prisoners. His own ship had been successful, and had brought in many prisoners, who had been kindly treated. He had never taken a cent of private property belonging to the prisoners, but had seen that all were well clothed and well fed. His reputation for benevolence was known to the British navy. He had purchased not long before an old vessel, and sent off a number of prisoners, at his own expense, for Halifax. At the solicitation of his townsmen, he stepped on board of a cartel, and with a large number of persons sailed for Halifax. The Admiral received him with great kindness, and agreed to an exchange of prisoners, excepting this crew. Mr. Stockton told the Admiral that it was for this crew he came in person. The Admiral at length agreed to give up all but Ichabod Gardiner; but as for permitting him to go, he could not, as he had such proofs of his flagrant enormities, that he would bring him to trial, and hang him if he could. Mr. Stockton was still for a few days. During the time every prisoner exchanged filled the Admiral's ear with praises of Mr Stockton's beneq.

volence. To one he had given money ; another was sick, and was carried to his house and nursed as a child, until recovered. Hearing all these things, the Admiral sent for Mr. Stockton, and with tears in his eyes said to him, " Take Ichabod Gardiner, I would release the man who attempted to stab me for your sake ; but mind me, merchant, that fellow will be your bitter enemy through life. O Jupiter ! how I want to hang him !" He has robbed the infant in the cradle, of the chain put round his neck by his godfather, and stripped the priest at the altar of the crucifix he was putting to his lips ; and that is not half that can be proved against him, in the small settlements that he has visited. Have, my friend, your eye upon him. On their return, it was found that most of the prizes that Gardiner's privateer had taken, had arrived in safety, and were valuable. He soon made arrangements to purchase up the shares of the sailors who could not wait for the adjudication of the prize goods. He got them at about fifty per cent on their real value ; and at the sale after condemnation, he made a shift to purchase the part held by the government. The goods rose in value on his hands, and he became a man of wealth from this single operation.

At the close of the war, Ichabod Gardiner left his shop in Dove Lane, and commenced merchant in an eligible situation, and soon had vessels in the West Indies and European trade, and did an extensive business. Whispers of his situation at Halifax were current, but Stockton never let fall a single word. Gardiner became ambitious of public life, and prevailed on his friends to make an attempt to send him to the legislature. It was sufficient to defeat the election, when it was known that Mr. Stockton thought that the town furnished better men for the office. From this hour Gardiner no longer concealed his enmity to Mr. Stockton, but shewed

it in every place he could. The good man was not disturbed nor provoked to make any disclosures. Gardiner's workmen attached every epithet of contempt to his name. Ten thousand anecdotes of his meanness, deception, and beastly passions were current among them who labored for him. The little children in the street were in the habit of crying out as he passed in the street, "There goes old Gripus, who cheated his men." Once in a while, he met with some sad lessons of rebuke. The sailors in his vessel would complain of the badness and scantiness of provisions, and drag him before the public tribunal; and several times he has been fined for not finding a medicine chest, according to law, for his vessels. He was more than once disgraced by receiving a drubbing from sailors, whose wives he had insulted while they were absent. One time he was fairly caught. An old revolutionary officer had lost his cow, in a good measure the support of his family, and his friends got up a subscription paper to purchase him another, and the food of the animal, for the season. The subscription paper was in the first place offered to Ichabod Gardiner, who professed to be quite friendly to his neighbor, the veteran, as he said that he served under him in a campaign. He seemed to make no decided objection to putting down his name for three dollars, the maximum of each individual subscription. The subscription paper was soon filled up, and a valuable cow purchased on the strength of it, and the little barn in which she was kept filled with hay and provender. The collection commenced, and all paid with alacrity, until it was requested of Ichabod: he said that there had been enough paid without his subscription—that he did not intend to make old Captain F. rich; and lastly, that by the decision of the Supreme Court, he was not legally bound to pay—and would not. All this was contemplated by the

young lawyer who drew the paper, and he had made it safe on all sides. The subscription was not a *nudum pactum*, for there was a stipulation that the veteran should give an account of the battle of Bunker Hill for the newspaper, as a consideration to bind the individuals to the payment of the sums set against their names; and this account was printed in the newspaper before any collection took place. This Ichabod had overlooked. An action was brought before a justice for the three dollars: it was defended by Ichabod himself, for no lawyer felt disposed to defend him. The justice gave judgment for the plaintiff, and the defendant appealed to the Court of Common Pleas: the day it was set down for trial, the court house was crowded. The lawyer who had written the subscription paper argued the cause for the original plaintiff. In the course of a long and severe argument, he gave the life and character of Ichabod Gardiner, Esq.: among other matters and charges, he detailed the whole story of the Halifax business, with numerous other minute details, that not only went to his avarice, but to his chastity, veracity, and honesty, in almost every respect. It was a speech weighed and balanced with care. The jury brought in a verdict for the veteran, without leaving their seats. The populace made the welkin ring with shouts, indoors and out. The counsel gave his speech to the newspapers that very day. Ichabod was forced by his friends to bring an action against the counsel for the veteran for a libel, which was just what he wished. When this came on for trial, the public was still more excited. The defendant pleaded a justification, and offered the truth in evidence. The Halifax charge was the first to be met: two or three of the crew of the privateer were offered as witnesses, and sworn. They were full, explicit, and exact in the detail of that infamous cruise. When they stepped down, a vener-



able form was seen making his way through the crowd : it was father O'Riley the Catholic Priest—he had been robbed and ill-treated. He took the stand and was grievously affected in telling his story of being robbed and cheated by Ichabod so many years before. The counsel took the crucifix from his green bag, and asked the priest if he knew that article. He looked a moment, and replied, " I do. It is the one that was stolen from me at Nova Scotia, by that image of a man who sits there." The counsel of Ichabod found the current setting hard against his client, and he was in hopes by a bold dash to give a new turn to the examination: " Well, reverend father," said he, " do you think that this piece of silver is the Saviour himself." O no, " said the meek old man. " I only considered it as a remembrance, of him who shed his blood for me ; as the presence of him who robbed me of it, does of Judas Iscariot, who for thirty pieces of silver betrayed him." The plaintiff wished to become non-suit, but the defendant alledging that his character was in question, said he should insist on a verdict, and the court said that he had a right to one. It was given, and the plaintiff mulcted in costs. The crucifix had been sold to a silver-smith by Ichabod, and been kept for its rare workmanship. The triumph was complete. The master of four hundred thousand dollars could not walk the street without being hooted at, and some times pelted by the school-boys. But Ichabod, as he grew older, grew never the better. Another instance of his meanness and rascality soon afterwards happened. His former partner in business had been separated from him some years, and during the time had in a measure failed ; but his family was highly respected, and his youngest daughter had made a good match. On her marriage-day, Ichabod had a writ made on what he declared was a balance due him from the old man, and sent an

officer into the house of his former partner to attach his furniture, to mortify the family, as his had not been invited to the wedding. The officer was a man of feeling, and discharged his duty in such a manner as to save all the mortification intended. The lawyer who had been in open warfare with Ichabod, was at the wedding; and learning, under the rose, the whole circumstances, sat down with Ichabod's former partner, after his daughter had gone, and examined their books from the commencement of their business, until that day, and satisfactorily ascertained that Ichabod owed his partner nearly thirty thousand dollars, as his partner had always contended. A writ was made, and the tables turned on the cheat. He had to get a receipt for his own furniture, in the hands of the officer. The whole matter was thoroughly sifted, and the sum of twenty eight thousand dollars, was awarded against Ichabod Gardiner, which was in the end, payed to the great delight of the public.

Ichabod still prospered. He bought all the real estate that had once belonged to Mr Stockton, and paraded about the domains, as the jack-ass, around the body of the dead lion, now and then, in obedience to the laws of his nature, giving a kick at the memory of his noble predecessor. Ichabod lived to a great old age, and every month saw an argosy arrive from India, and his wealth increase; but he never could gain the respect of the wise, and certainly not of the pious or the poor.

At the time I read the advertisement, and made the foregoing memorandum, Ichabod himself had gone to the grave, in a good old age, in quiet and confidence. The next day after these reflections, as my custom is, I made a visit to the church-yard, and there on a humble plain stone, I saw written, " Here repose the ashes of William Stockton ;" his age &c. near by, there was to be seen a splendid monument of

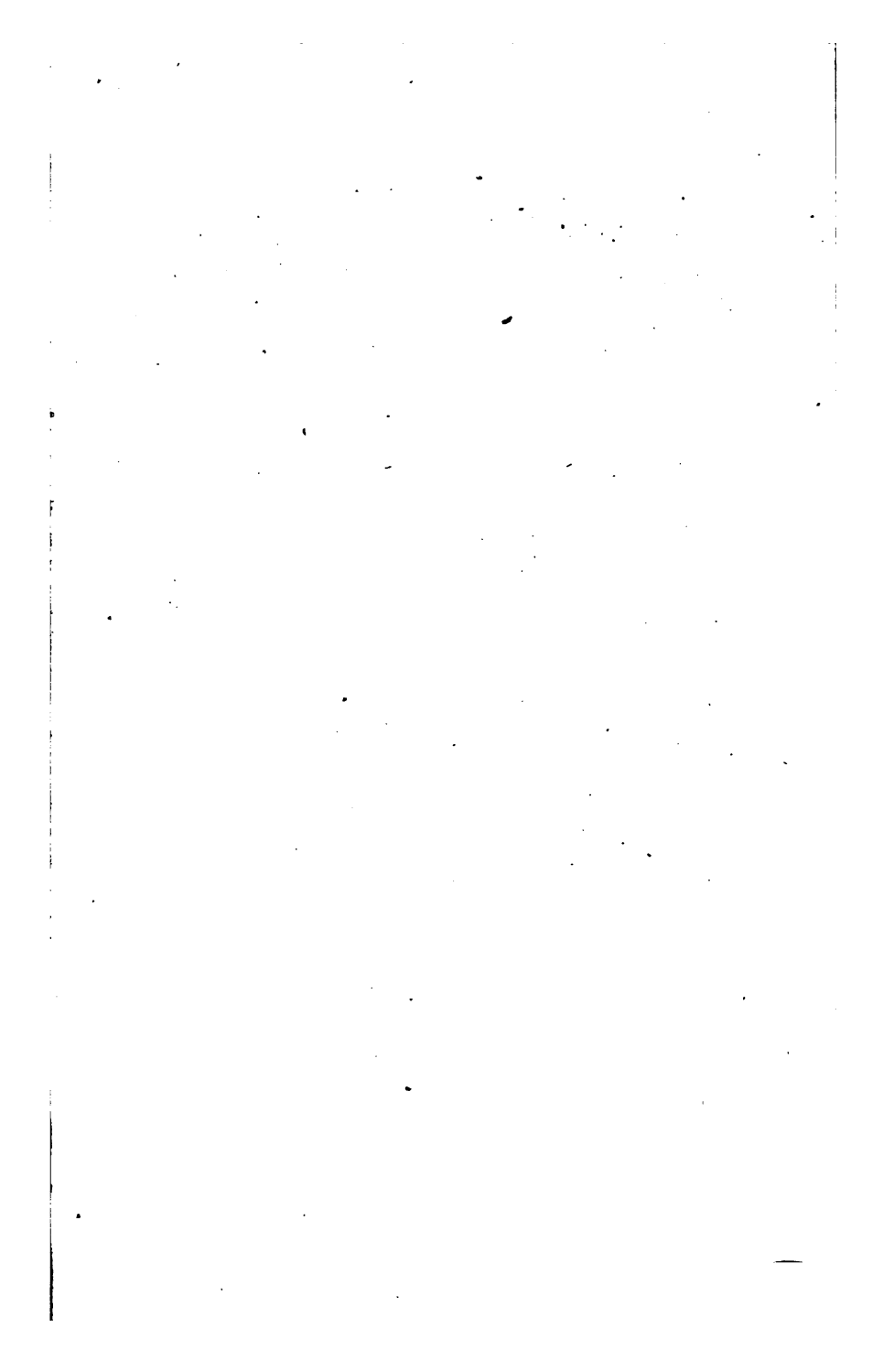
the finest marble, erected "to the memory of Ichabod Gardiner, Esquire,—an enterprising merchant, who left several legacies to the poor—He will be long remembered." In bitter scorn and contempt even of the dead, such as he. I made a calculation of the amount of his legacies ; for I knew all he had done. The whole of them did not amount to the sum Stockton paid for the ransom of the wretch, when he was in Halifax jail. In anguish and bitterness, calling to mind one of George Crabb's poetical tales, I wrote on the marble with my pencil—the first time I ever profaned a monument to the dead,

" In Monday Place, Sir Richard Monday died."

I began, in this disturbed state, to call in question the course of Eternal Justice, and to think the wicked were in general more prosperous than the righteous. I had, with the vigorous, arm of youthful indignation, dealt out to him a richly deserved measure of personal chastisement, for an insult offered to a female friend, the daughter of Stockton, and I could have scattered his ashes to the winds, if I could have reached them. I had to recover from this paroxysm of infidelity and rage ; and turning to the simple slab that marked the resting-place of Stockton, as the last rays of a setting sun was resting upon it, and found a hale of light all around ; from which issued a voice, *that said, or seemed to say, " What proud creature of the dust is this, who dares for a moment to doubt the doctrines of a righteous retribution, and a life to come ! Is there not a perfect harmony in the heavens over your head ? Do not the seasons perform their changes, and the sun rise and set, by the same laws that it did before man's crimes began ? Who knows what blessings heaven has in store for the good, and what punishment for the wicked ? " " Vengeance is mine saith the Lord." Human life is but a spark that flieth upwards ; but*

*the soul of man, emanating from the source of life, is eternal. In the changes the soul may pass in its journeying through eternity, will there not be opportunities of balancing the scales by the exactitude of WISDOM and GOODNESS?" I placed my hand on my lips, and bowed my head to the dust, and communed with my heart: "Shall he that contendeth with the Almighty instruct him? he that reproacheth God, let him answer it." I arose with a belief that I should understand this mystery hereafter.*

FINIS.



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